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(*See page 395.*)

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# THE ROYAL MAG

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No. 11. Vol. II.—September, 1899

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# Russia's Advance Towards India

***Conversations with Skobeleff :***

**"Bokhara is a wretched place to live in." According to his account, the Khanate is so unhealthy that a Russian occupation is only possible by the - - -**

**AID OF**

## ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

**"WE OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS- - Why should two European powers quarrel over a few Asiatics? WE OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS. WE STRONGLY WISH IT."**—*The Russian Advance towards India.*—C. MARVIN, page 88.

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**You cannot Overstate its Great Value in keeping the Blood Pure and Free from Disease.**

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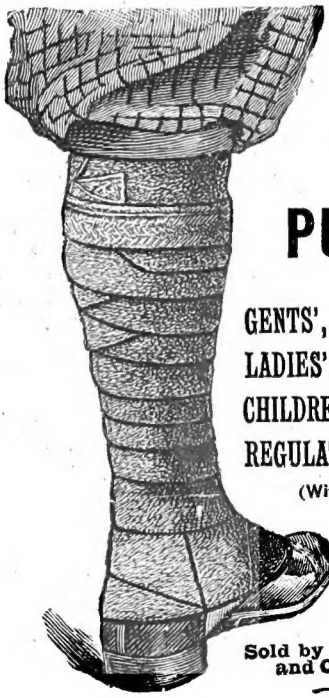

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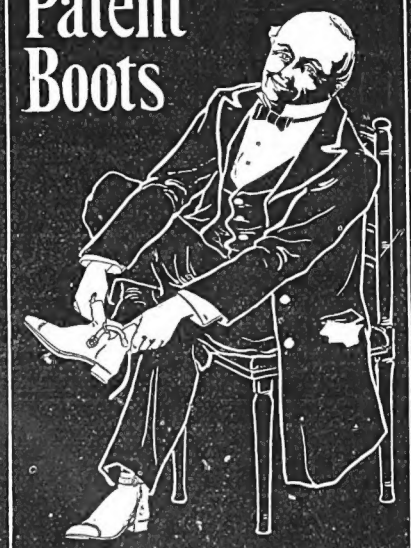

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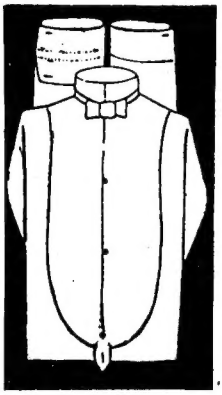

THEIR economic advantages are apparent at a glance. By permitting the shirts to be worn twice with absolutely fresh cuffs each time they reduce the laundry bill by one half, and the shirts with less frequent washing wear twice as long. The invention has commended itself to hundreds of thousands of customers all over the World.

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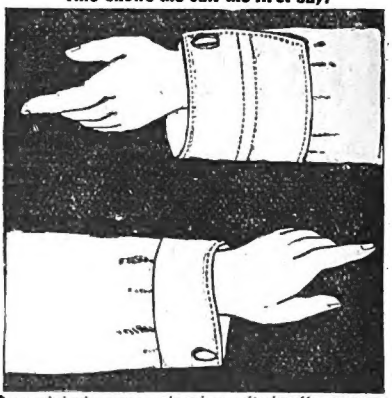
*When ordering, mention size of Neck-band, and say whether to button back or front.*

*This shows the cuff the first day.*



*Second day's wear—showing soiled cuff turned in.*

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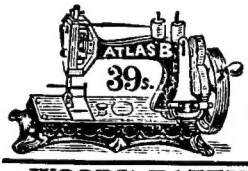



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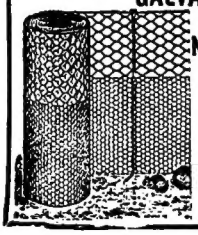

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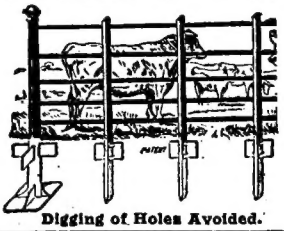

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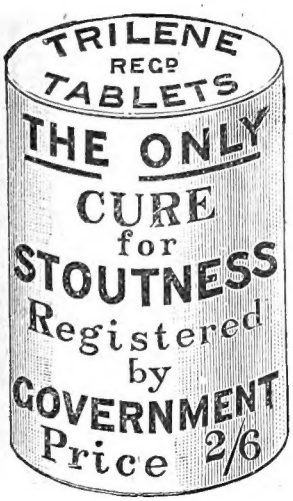
# ALL FAT PEOPLE

*Can be CURED by taking*

# TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)




**for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.**

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:
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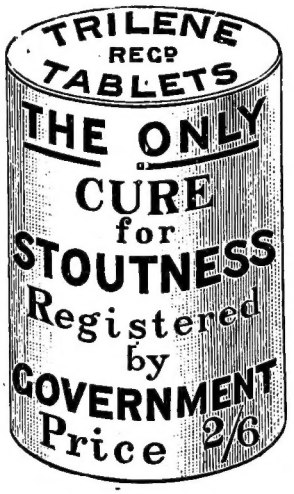
*Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.*

**An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.**




## SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

**Countess Seckendorff,** of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

**Mrs. Drew,** of 1, Bellevue Gardens, The Nursery, Devizes, writes: "I took Tablets some years ago; they soon reduced me, and I have not got stout since. Send a box for my mother."

**Miss Northledge,** The Laurels, Risholme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

**Colour-Sergeant Whittle,** of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

**Mrs. Darnley Smith,** of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct., 1896.
"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests, I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.
"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

**Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg,** Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

**Lady Constance Conrad** writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

**Countess Furstenberg** writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

**Mr. Samuel Craig,** of Frocess National Schools, Cloughmills, Belfast, says: "My wife reduced 28lb. from your Tablets. They also removed muscular rheumatism."

**Extract from "The Lady,"** 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

**Mrs. T. Boston,** Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.
"GENTLEMEN,—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 2lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me.
"(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**"

**Mrs. Weaver,** of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

**Mrs. Mary Williams,** of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

**Miss Patient,** of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

**Mrs. James Smith,** of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

**Mrs. Crossley,** of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

**Mrs. W. A. Radford,** High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

## THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.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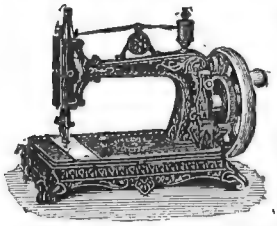

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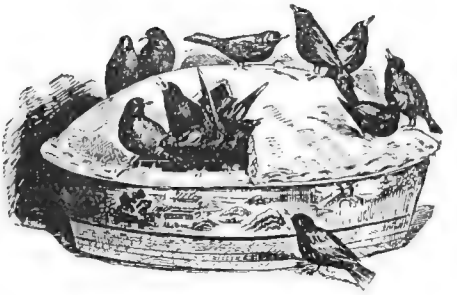

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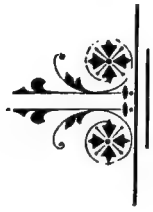

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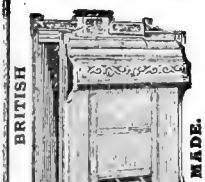


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The publication of occasional biographies, annual summaries, and other monographs, reprinted from the columns of THE TIMES, has been followed by the publication of a series of periodical law reports and digests of cases, as well as by the half-yearly "Issues," an account of newly organised public companies.

Four years ago THE TIMES ATLAS was published, to which THE TIMES GAZETTEER has recently been added. And in March, 1898, THE TIMES Reprint of the Encyclopædia Britannica (9th Edition) was offered to the public. In the course of only one year, more than 18,000 copies—450,000 volumes—of this standard work have been sold by THE TIMES.

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# THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

## CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1899.


| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| OUTSIDE COVER designed by MADAME LALLIE GARET CHARLES. | | |
| "CHERRY-RIPE." From a Photograph by Madame Lallie Garet Charles. | | *Frontispiece* |
| THE ART OF THE CAMERA Illustrated with Photographs. | RODERICK GREY | 339 |
| A TUG OF WAR. A Complete Story Illustrated by S. Aldridge. | G. K. COWAN | 346 |
| WOODEN-LEGGED CELEBRITIES Illustrated from old prints. | JESSIE W. BROWN | 354 |
| THE LARGEST AND LITTLE-EST OF BOOKS Illustrated with Photographs. | FLORENCE BURNLEY | 359 |
| THE CORONATION OF A GIPSY KING Illustrated with Photographs. | ALICK MUNRO | 360 |
| SNAPSHOT INTERVIEW Mr. HALL CAINE. Illustrated with Snapshots. | | 365 |
| THE BUSHRANGERS. No. V.—THE HUNTINGTOWER BALL. A Complete Story. Illustrated by J. Macfarlane. | HARRY B. VOGEL | 368 |
| AN ARCTIC HURRICANE IN DAVIS STRAIT Illustrated by H. Austin. | LIEUT. R. E. PEARY | 375 |
| THE PRIVATE CONFESSION OF A CHEAT. A Complete Story Illustrated by B. Kipping. | MARVIN DANA | 380 |
| A SACRED COW WITH SIX LEGS Illustrated with a Photograph. | | 385 |
| THE STRANGE FREAK OF A GREAT MAN Illustrated with drawings by Monsieur Sardou and with Photographs. | T. BEAUGEARD | 386 |
| A MISUNDERSTANDING. A Complete Story Illustrated by A. P. Garratt. | ALYS HALLARD | 390 |
| THE MOST CURIOUS PLACE IN ENGLAND Illustrated with Photographs. | A. GOODRICH | 395 |
| ANIMALS WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD Illustrated with Photographs. | GAMBIER BOLTON, F.Z.S. | 400 |
| THE BLOOD OF ABEL. A Complete Story Illustrated by C. H. Taffs, M. St. Loo, and A. Wallis Mills. | DR. T. V. CROSBY | 406 |
| OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY Illustrated with Stereoscopic Slides. | | 413 |


The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first half-yearly Volume of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/-, or post free, 1/2.

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# THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

Photo by Kodak Co. Ltd.

**On Cameras in General.**

I wonder how many miles of photographic film will be used during this month. It must in the aggregate amount to an enormous length. I can positively see before me visions of a most interesting statistical article on the subject.

Everybody nowadays seems to possess a camera of one sort or another. I suppose the majority are hand cameras, of which I daresay the greater number carry films and not plates.

There is, of course, endless rivalry between films and plates, and again between flat films and the long rolls or cartridges.

For my own part, I have a decided opinion on the advantages of films as compared with plates. When it comes to the taking of an important picture with a large-sized camera, the glass plate holds the field beyond all doubt. But when it comes to a question of portability, the film easily outdistances its glass rival.

Photo by Kodak Co. Ltd.

**"Miles better than being at school."**

The dead weight of a couple of dozen plates, even quarter-plates, is —well, it is more than merely appreciable. Some people, of course, swear by plates. They are easier to handle in the dark-room, and they are more likely to give a good result because—if for no other reason—they are more transparent than the material of which a film is made.

All of which amounts to an indictment that nobody can deny. But then the difference in transparency is not very great for ordinary work. You can get a good sharp print from a film, and you can take the picture with considerable rapidity. What more do you want?

**And Plates in Particular.**

And then think of the difference in weight. Oh dear! oh dear! Imagine an August day, something over 90° in the shade, and a dozen quarter-plates to carry. Apart from slides and all the rest of it, just reflect on the dead weight, especially if you have several miles to tramp.



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Photo by Kodak Co. Ltd.

**The Turn of the Furrow.**

No, for the hand camera, films are absolutely unrivalled. There is nothing to beat them, at any rate, nothing that I know of. I may be told that I don't know everything, which is true—obviously true. But I'm prepared to be astonished and profoundly thankful if anything better than films has been produced.

**On Cartridges.** With respect to films the cartridge arrangement, whereby a fresh set of negatives can be adjusted in broad daylight, is, to my mind, the best of all. I am not holding a brief for any particular class of camera, but I must say that so far as my experience goes I prefer the long stretch of film rolled on a roller, which can readily be fitted into a camera without the least chance of fogging.

Apart from everything else, the rolls are so handy to carry about. You can sit on one without hurting it, while such unpleasantnesses as cracking or bending or scratching are impossible, even if you carry the rolls loose in your pocket.

You can buy them any colour, too ; or, at any rate, you can buy the more usual sizes. I always believe in carrying a hand camera of the most universal size for the simple reason that you can easily lay in a fresh stock of cartridges at almost any large town on the Continent.

**The Size of Cameras.** The question of size in cameras is a much-debated one. From the point of view of using your camera to pay a share of the expenses of the holiday, I at once assert that the pocket affair is useless. As a toy, or for the purpose of recording the different places you may visit, the pocket camera is good enough. But when it comes to trying to sell your photographs to editors of magazines or illustrated papers, then I repeat a pocket camera is absurd.

Perhaps I ought to make a qualification to this assertion, for there is a folding pocket camera which takes a picture about $2\frac{1}{2}$ by 2. Such a picture is not exactly useless—only comparatively so. It's not really worth the trouble of carrying and snapping and fiddling about with such a

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Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

A PRETTY PARISIENNE.

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camera, *if* you want your photographs to be saleable.

A picture $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $3\frac{1}{2}$ is quite small enough. Even that is too small to make sure of doing full justice to your subject. A 5 by 4 is nearer the proper size.

**The Reproduction of Photographs.**

THERE is a reason for this. When an editor is arranging for the illustrating of an article with photographs, he takes it as a primary fact that the photographs will have to be reduced more or less in size. The more a picture is reduced—down to a reasonable limit, of course—the better it comes out in the reproduction. It takes a wonderfully sharp and excellent photograph to stand an enlarged reproduction.

Sometimes a photograph is enlarged, and the enlarged photograph is then worked upon. All sorts of details are added and improvements effected in the photograph from the purely pictorial point of view.

Then the art editor sends this improved enlargement round to the engravers, and they, according to their instructions, reduce the enlargement even to a smaller size than the original photograph.

Photo by J. Hourston.

**Hard Lines.**

All this, however, involves considerable time and trouble and expense, so that the most acceptable photograph to an editor is one that requires practically no retouching and can be reduced in size, and yet leave a result, say, three to three and a half inches in height or length, as the case may be.

**On Large Cameras.**

MIND you, an editor sets no limit on the immensity of a photograph. It can never be too large for him. But then the editor is not, as a rule, a photographer, or, if he is, he ignores the difficulties and trials of the unhappy "camera-carrier." He takes no heed of the business involved with a full-plate camera and a dozen full-plate slides. But I know; I know from experience—a weird experience—that I have no desire to undergo afresh.

I remember I was about to undertake a trip through the interior of the North Islands of New Zealand up amongst the Maories and to parts not very greatly frequented by white men. I ought, of course, to assert that innumerable dangers threatened me from the outset. My sense of veracity rather than my sense of modesty prevents me. There was no danger from anything unless from the actual physical roughness of the country.

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Photo by Lafayette.

**PLAYMATES.**

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Photo by W. & D. Downey.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

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The New Zealand bush is unique in as much as it is devoid of savage or dangerous creatures of any sort. There are no snakes and no wild animals that could harm or hurt the traveller. The sole denizens of the forest are wild pigs and rats; and further back towards the ranges and along the river beds there are wild cattle.

The idea of taking photographs seemed admirable, and with the ambition of ignorance I chose a full-plate camera and took half-a-dozen double-back slides and two dozen plates.

I really do not know exactly what the outfit weighed, but it was something enormous—comparatively speaking. Fortunately I had a pack-horse, but unfortunately the pack-horse had a temper. On more than one occasion it gave vent to its infirmity and proceeded to buck off its entire load. How I blessed that camera and those two dozen plates. Really I wonder to this day how they ever came home unbroken.

On one occasion they disappeared over a cliff. On another into a pool of water—some of them certainly were damaged by that catastrophe—and goodness knows how often they accompanied the rest of the load through the air in sundry directions, whilst the sweet carrier kicked and bucked until she stood happy with nothing on her but her halter.

The whole outfit in fact was a mistake. There is no necessity to take anything as large as a full-plate camera and when you do take a camera take films—that is if you are anxious to amuse yourself as well as to take photographs.

Photo by R. Johnson.

**The Coming of Night.**

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# A Tug of War

## A leaf from an Attaché's note-book

By Gertrude K. Cowan.

It happened not very many years ago. The scene was a well-known southern continental sea-port. The first act was played at a ball in honour of the Russian Fleet, whose short visit to those waters had put the whole town *en fête*.

In one of those flowery, palm-hidden recesses, considerately arranged for sitters-out, a couple were resting after the last waltz. She was of the type so general in London between the months of April and July. Tall, brown-haired, clear-complexioned, and, what is perhaps not quite so usual, perfectly dressed, her gown bearing the unmistakable hall-mark of Doucet's genius. He, too, was unquestionably English. Fair, with a tendency to leanness and considerable length and muscular development; a thin face, tanned to a healthy brown, with any pretensions to good looks slightly lessened by a curious sleepy droop of the eyelids. Yet there were people who, after once intercepting a glance from the eyes themselves, were wont to pronounce their owner a very wide-awake person indeed.

"Taking a holiday?" she was saying, sarcastically. "Ah, you must need one!"

He smiled gently. "Yes, I see you know our life at the Embassy. We smoke cigarettes all day, and succeed in getting up sufficient energy to attend receptions in the evening. But one requires relaxation even from doing nothing!"

Miss Fane frowned. "My father," she returned with dignity, "is in the Diplomatic Service—I ought to know something about it."

His smile deepened, less at the rebuke than at the unintentional slur conveyed by her words on her father's capabilities for work.

"Far be it from me to refute any of those established facts, or bring forward a popular fallacy—among ourselves—that occasionally we do a little hard work—under compulsion, of course! But speaking of Lord Wickham, he has kindly asked me to stay on board the yacht during the few days I shall be here—the shore accommodation is unpleasantly crowded just now."

"Oh, has he?" she replied, and, used as he was to reading tones and faces, he could not tell if she were pleased or sorry.

Presently she rose, and, with a little movement, shook out her skirts.

"Shall we go back?" she asked. "The music is beginning."

"Don't you think," he remarked, tentatively, "this weather is too hot for dancing? It would be so easy to avoid one's partner here."

"Would it?" she said, and smiled, but apparently with no intention of taking the hint. "Are you coming, Mr. Seymour?"

At the entrance to the ball-room they were met by a tall, fair man in the uniform of a Russian naval lieutenant. He appeared to be searching for someone, and his face lighted up suddenly at the sight of Miss Fane.

"Ah," he said softly, speaking in French, "I thought you had forgotten?"

Then his eyes fell on her companion, and an indescribable look flashed into his face. It was to the girl watching him as if for the fraction of a second a mask slipped from his features, and a strange expression—was it surprise, fear, recognition, or all three?—gleamed in his eyes. Puzzled, she glanced for explanation at her former partner. If in that brief moment his face, too, had changed, it only wore now its customary expression of blank impassiveness, and as she looked he bowed his thanks and moved away.

Seymour watched till he saw her yellow skirts whirled away into the brilliant, circling mosaic of glittering orders, gold lace, many-coloured uniforms and dresses; then he passed out on to one of the balconies, and, lighting a cigarette, leant his elbows on the railing.

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In spite of the lateness of the hour, the streets were still crowded, and across the harbour steam launches and pinnaces of all sizes flashed to and fro and in and out, like so many gigantic fireflies. The yards and sides of the ships were dressed with strings of coloured lanterns, and so brilliant were the illuminations, one could almost discern the figures on the decks of the huge ironclads.

From the gay, flag-draped ball-room floated a continuous ripple of voices, light laughs, and the notes of a dreamy waltz. Now and again, when anyone paused near the open windows, one caught detached fragments of conversation. Two men had stopped there now. They were senior officers in the English Navy, who, fired by a desire to see something of the festivities, had come over from Malta on a few days' leave.

Seymour was drawing another cigarette from his case when someone touched him on the shoulder. A little thin wizen-faced man, the left side of whose coat was completely hidden by ribbons, stars and orders, was standing behind him.

"I wanted you, Seymour," he said. He spoke quietly, almost with an air of proprietorship. "Have you seen my daughter?"

"She is dancing with one of the visitors, sir. By the way," he added carelessly, "I discovered in him an old—acquaintance! Strange, wasn't it?"

The other thoughfully stroked his short pointed moustache, while his little twinkling eyes surveyed his companion narrowly. Somehow his appearance was subtly suggestive of a lean, wise, old, grey fox.

"Ah," he said at last, "and did he know you? Then isn't it a little dangerous to play such an open game?"

"Less than a secretive one. Had he discovered I was here in concealment it would have caused suspicion. As your guest—" he ended his sentence with a little characteristic shrug.

"Well, anyway you'll send off your traps to the yacht to-morrow? I shall feel more comfortable knowing you are on board. One has to be careful in these little affairs?"

There was a short silence. Now and again a rocket went up from one of the ships leaving a shower of red and blue stars behind. Softened by distance came bursts of enthusiastic cheering from the crowds on the shore and water.

"And if, after all, the papers are not with him?" inquired Lord Wickham, presently.

"He left Malta with them, and I don't think he will trust them to other hands to take to his employers. He means to get all the kudos for the business . . . . I know him rather well," Seymour continued, looking reflectively down on the red tip of his cigarette, "we were mixed up once in a little transaction in the East. Strange to say he didn't wear naval uniform then!"

"Would he risk carrying the papers about with him?"

"I don't suppose he imagines there is any risk. It is only known in our circle—and by the people who should have taken better care of them—that they have been abstracted. The whole business was a clever, a masterly little move, and but for one or two flaws might have succeeded admirably. He is still ignorant of those flaws. Possibly he intends taking the papers to the capital before going to Petersburg. There are others besides his countrymen who would be interested in the sight of them!"

**In one of the recesses a couple were resting after the waltz.**

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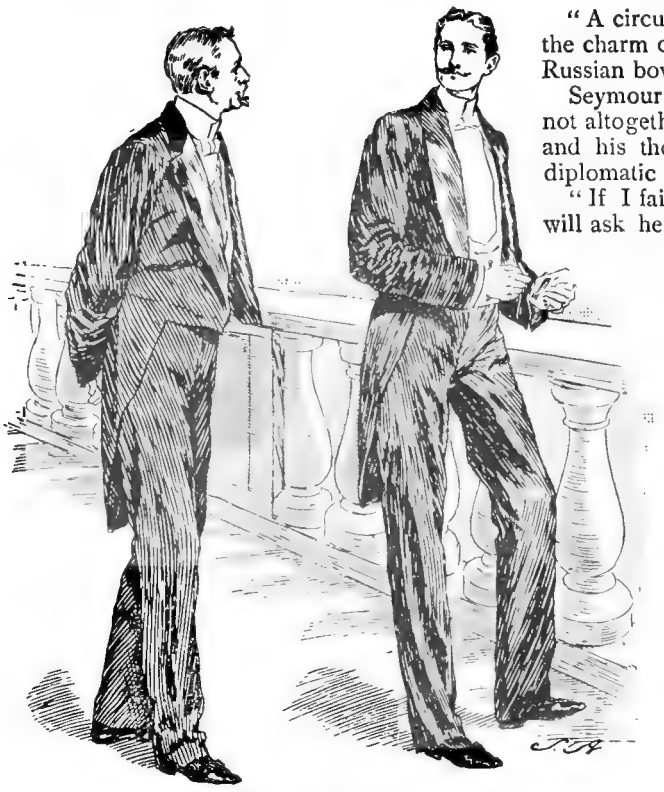

**"I wanted you, Seymour," he said.**

There was a little pause, which Lord Wickham was the first to break.

"And you hope to obtain possession of those papers?" he said at last, carefully flicking a tiny speck of ash from the silk facing of his coat.

Seymour raised his eyes for an instant and looked his companion in the face.

"That," he said gently as his lids fell again, "is what I mean to do."

The elder man glanced at him in his turn. Then he chuckled softly and stroked his chin.

"You'll do," he murmured. "I shouldn't wonder if you rise to the top of the tree in time. I shouldn't indeed!"

"Shouldn't what?" inquired a clear voice behind them, and Miss Fane stepped into the balcony followed by her late partner. "Papa, isn't it time we were leaving? The Admirals are just going, and Monsieur Murief has kindly promised to see us safely to the harbour—oh, I forgot you do not know each other—Monsieur Murief, let me introduce you to my father. You know we met in Paris last year—so strange to come across each other here!"

"A circumstance which for me has doubled the charm of this delightful visit!" put in the Russian bowing.

Seymour returned to his hotel that night not altogether in a contented frame of mind, and his thoughts more full of private than diplomatic matters.

"If I fail," he said to himself slowly, "he will ask her to marry him. And she—well, it may be merely a flirtation on her part, she is an adept in that art—and yet—" he sighed rather wearily.

* * * *

The following day a *déjeuner* was held on board the flagship to which all the heads of departments, and many distinguished visitors, were invited. Miss Fane rose with a sigh of relief when a move was made to the upper deck. The flow of sugary phrases and compliments with which the representatives of each Power loaded the other bored her extremely.

"I hope you remember your promise of permitting me to show you over the ship?" It was Monsieur Murief who spoke, as he joined her on deck. "Do you care to come now?"

He had monopolised her exclusively during luncheon, scarcely removing his eyes from her face, save for an occasional covert glance down the table to where Basil Seymour—who owed his invitation to being Lord Wickham's guest—was seated. He had a vague sensation of being watched by the other, though, when he looked in that direction, the English attaché's gaze was on his plate or his head was bent conversationally towards his neighbour.

Seymour was talking to the girl when the Russian put his question, and saw her turn with a smile and eager assent. He drew the end of his fair moustache into his mouth and bit it thoughtfully as they moved away together.

Presently he glanced over the side. The harbour was swarming with boats of all sizes and descriptions, while parties of sightseers were every minute coming on board, and being received with effusion by certain of the ship's company told off for that duty. He turned slowly away and leisurely crossed the deck, pausing to speak to the wife of the Prefect de Marine; then, taking advantage of the confusion caused by the constant flow of visitors, he disappeared down an after-hatchway.

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On their way to the upper deck that morning they had passed the officers' quarters, and Murief had pointed out his cabin. In this direction Seymour, after leaving the wardroom, rapidly made his way, and softly pushing open the door, entered, closing it again behind him.

He was pale, and his breath came quickly and heavily. But there was no nervous haste or indecision about his movements, and he ran his eye round the cabin with the practised gaze of one accustomed to take in all he saw at a single glance. A little later, had Monsieur Murief entered his cabin his eyes would have been met by the surprising spectacle of a man extended upon its deck, his head and shoulders beneath the bunk, while he deliberately inserted key after key in the lock of a leather-covered despatch-box suspended by a steel chain between the mattress and deck.

To Seymour, who feared that this interruption might indeed occur, it seemed hours before his repeated efforts were at length successful, and he was able to support the box with one hand, while he removed the contents with the other.

A number of papers lay neatly tied together in packets. He lifted them out and laid them beside him. Then he examined the exterior of the case again.

"Shallow compartment for the outer depth," he muttered. "Ah, I thought so!"

Running his fingers over the inside of the box, they had come in contact with a small knob. Pressure on this caused the supposed bottom of the case to spring up, disclosing another compartment below. In this were several documents, folded flatly, and his hand shook a little as he examined them. But the look of strained anxiety left his face, a red flush mounting in its stead.

The first paper appeared to be a plan of some fortifications on thin parchment. Without a second glance he lifted out all as he had done the first. But this time they were not laid on the deck.

Miss Fane and the Russian lieutenant were leaning over the side when the attaché came on deck again. The girl's eyes were bright, and her face a little flushed; the man's wore a triumphant expression. Seymour's brows contracted suddenly. Vaguely he wondered if, though one game had passed into his hands that afternoon, another had slipped from them. Then his face became as vacantly impassive as usual.

"I think," he said, with a rather weary smile as he joined them, "I could take out a certificate for navigation; I have learnt so much on board to-day."

* * * * *

"We up anchor to-morrow, sir?"

"Would you rather leave before?"

Seymour shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, not at all. Besides, Miss Fane tells me we dine with the Admiral to-night."

"I don't know," Lord Wickham said, slowly, "if it would not have been wiser had you left at once. And look here, Seymour, don't go on shore; better not to run any risks. The consequences might be awkward, and we don't want any unpleasantness at *this* crisis."

"All right, sir. My only reason for going to the Admiral's to-night is to keep an eye on our friend, as he has done on me all day!"

The elder man followed the direction of his eyes. A shore boat, pulled by two men in the blue jerseys and red caps of ordinary boatmen, threaded its way slowly in and out among the mass of small craft still crowding the harbour, yet always keeping the same distance from the English yacht. He glanced at his companion with slightly raised brows. The latter nodded, in answer. "Not asleep, you see! But he won't trust more important work than that to any but himself."

Though all the ports were open, it was very warm in the Admiral's forecabin that evening; the scent from the profuse floral decorations adding to the heaviness of the atmosphere. It was a small and extremely select dinner, the guests only numbering twenty-four, and Monsieur Murief and the flag-lieutenant being the only junior officers present. Miss Fane had been sent in with the former, and was seated between him and Seymour, upon whom she did not expend much attention. Indeed, whenever he glanced in that direction he seldom saw more than her shoulder and the back of her head, while she kept up a continuous flow of low-toned conversation with the man on her other side. It was towards the end of dinner that a prolonged cessation of this conversation caused him to turn his head. The chair next to Miss Fane was empty.

"Where is your neighbour?" he inquired, casually.

"Called away on duty," she answered.

He leant back in his chair again, and for a time his somewhat spasmodic effort at conversation were neither particularly entertaining nor brilliant.

"When will this be over?" he whispered at last to Ethel Fane. "The heat's getting unbearable and I've a frantic headache."

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"I thought something was the matter, you're so—"

"Dull," he finished as she paused, "I'm awfully sorry, but I believe I shall faint or do something equally idiotic soon."

"Why not go on deck? You can get away unnoticed, and if anything is said I'll make apologies for you."

"Thanks awfully. It will be better than making a fool of myself, anyway."

He glanced round the table. An ice soufflé—the model of a line-of-battle ship flying the national colours of both countries and correct in every detail, to military masts and turret guns—was just appearing. Taking advantage of the interest this novelty was exciting, Seymour made his escape.

At the head of the companion ladder he met the quartermaster and asked him to give orders for Lord Wickham's gig to come alongside.

The long narrow boat cut through the water almost noiselessly, the splash of the oars being lost in the confused sounds of the harbour, and they came alongside the yacht before the occupants of a dinghy lying astern were conscious of their approach.

The sailing-master and the greater part of the crew were ashore. The second steward, sleeping noisily in a deck chair, stumbled guiltily to his feet at the sound of a step near him.

"Anyone been on board, Philips?" Seymour asked, carelessly.

"No, sir—at least—that is sir, only a messenger from his lordship—wanted something in the deck-house. He's gone again, I think; he said he'd not be long, and he didn't need me."

Seymour looked him over comprehensively. Then he turned away with a slight smile.

"All right; and—just try to keep awake for a little in case I want you."

Then he went aft and down the companion to his cabin. The door was closed, but not fastened. He pushed it softly open. The electric light was half switched on, and by its gleam he saw the figure of a man, his back towards the door, kneeling before an open dispatch-box, from which he was removing and examining one by one the papers it contained. With a swift movement Seymour stretched out his hand and switched on the light to its full extent. The effect was as that of an electric shock upon the kneeling man. With a bound he sprang to his feet and faced the door.

A moment or two they stood confronting each other, no sound save the steady beat of the chronometer outside breaking the silence. Then the Russian's lips moved spasmodically, and his teeth gleamed in a straight, white line. It was meant as an ingratiating smile, but caused one to think of the snarl of an angry animal brought to bay.

Seymour came farther into the cabin, gently closing the door behind him.

"To what do I owe the honour of this visit?" he inquired, urbanely.

During an instant the other's eyes wavered. It was as if he were searching for some way of escape. Then they returned to the attaché's face.

"I think," he said, smoothly, "that is a somewhat unnecessary question."

Seymour's face expressed innocent surprise.

"Ah, then perhaps," he said, "it is the custom in Monsieur Murief's country for one man to enter another's cabin, and ransack and read his private papers? In that case ——" he paused and shrugged his shoulders.

"My presence here is not from any wish to examine your private effects, monsieur, but to recover some personal property."

"And yet," returned the Englishman, with the same suave politeness, "my cabin still seems to me a rather unlikely spot for monsieur to recover his missing property from. And that being so, would it not be well for him to return to his ship, before his prolonged absence is commented upon?"

He made a slight movement, as if he would have held open the door; but the other did not stir, only after a little pause his hand moved surreptitiously to his pocket, his fingers closing round something concealed there. Seymour observed the movement and a dangerous gleam in the man's eyes.

It was the Russian who broke the silence which had followed the other's last words.

"It would be, as you say, well for me to rejoin my ship again. Therefore, I must request you without further delay to hand over the papers abstracted from my cabin yesterday afternoon."

Again Seymour's face was expressive of nothing but polite astonishment.

"My dear sir, you are really labouring under some strange delusion! I have nothing of—er—yours in my possession."

The Russian's hand was slowly withdrawn from his pocket; in its grasp was a small shining object. It was his trump card; but for many reasons he had no wish to play it. He preferred subtler methods and ones evolving less chance of awkward consequences to himself and those he served.

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"I am sorry to use coercive measures," he began, with elaborate carelessness, "but monsieur gives me no other alternative." He raised his arm slightly. "I ask once more—the papers?"

"I regret I must return the same answer—I have nothing of monsieur's in my possession."

He had pulled the door slightly farther open and his fingers still rested on the brass knob. The light from the little milky globe on the bulkhead gleamed on the small sinister weapon in the other's hand. He began wondering in a vague mechanical way, almost as if the subject concerned someone else, what would be the feelings of Lord Wickham and his daughter when they returned and found the attaché to the British Embassy murdered on board of their yacht. He hardly believed the other would risk so much, and yet—he knew the man before him was desperate, and former experience had taught him that there were few things a desperate man of his stamp would stick at.

Then for an instant the Russian's eyes wavered and he looked straight over the Englishman's shoulder through the open door. Instinctively Seymour glanced in the same direction. Whether what happened afterwards was the result of an accident or a deliberate act, he never could be quite certain, but before he could turn again he was conscious of a flash, a hot stinging sensation in his shoulder, and of a report that seemed to echo and re-echo from every side. Yet with the swiftness of a panther, and before the other realised his intention, he sprang forward, and closing with him wrenched the weapon from his hand. The next moment he flung it through the open port, the electric light flashing for an instant on its silver mountings before it fell with a splash into the water.

They stood facing each other. In the stillness following the report the beat of the chronometer sounded obtrusively loud. Both men were breathing heavily. Both were very white—the Russian more with anger than fear. His last card was played and lost; there was nothing left but flight. And that, unperceived or unchecked, was impossible now. Already there was a sound of steps outside and voices. The boatswain, at the sound of the shot, had hurried on board, and pushing the sleepy steward unceremoniously aside, was making his way to the cabin.

Seymour was giddy and sick. His shoulder throbbed painfully, and something warm and wet was trickling from it down his sleeve. He staggered and caught at the bulkhead, then sat suddenly down in a limp heap on the side of his berth.

A terrible buzzing in his brain made it

**He was conscious of a flash and a hot, stinging sensation in his shoulder.**

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difficult for him to steady his voice or to speak intelligibly to the man who had just appeared in the doorway. He made an effort to pull himself together, and raised his head.

"I've unfortunately had an accident with my revolver, Williams," he said. "I want you to return at once to the flagship with this gentleman, and he will explain to his lordship what has happened."

"I've had an accident with my revolver, Williams," he said.

Perhaps something in his glance warned the man to ask no questions, for, whether or no the astute Williams thought it slightly curious a person should be able to wound himself in the shoulder-blade by accident, his face remained impassive, and he merely replied, "Ay, ay, sir," as if it were the most everyday occurrence.

But Murief, who had stood with arms hanging motionless at his sides, and his face hard and expressionless, looked up quickly, and, raising his eyebrows, muttered "Fichtre" into his moustache. Then after a moment's hesitation he picked up his uniform cap and moved towards the door.

On the threshold he paused, his lips parting in a little smile.

"I own myself beaten, monsieur," he said, in rapid French. "It is—humiliating. But when next we meet—well, *nous verrons!* and, till then, *au revoir!*"

But Basil Seymour answered nothing. He had fallen forward across his berth, while a sound like the surging of the sea rushed into his ears, and all grew black before his sight.

* * *

The sunlight flashed on the tumbling, sparkling waves, making their reflection play unceasingly on the brasses and white sides of the yacht.

On deck in a long chair Basil Seymour lay at full length. His face had that bleached appearance which tells of recent illness.

Suddenly a white serge-clad figure appeared above a hatchway, and, after a moment's hesitation, Ethel Fane came towards his chair.

"I am glad to see you on deck, Mr. Seymour."

He looked up with a smile. "Ah," he said, as she drew up a chair to his side, "now you're coming to talk and amuse me? I'm longing for someone to talk to!"

But just then Ethel Fane was evidently not in a talkative mood.

"What a bore you must have found me during the past fortnight! I can never thank you and Lord Wickham enough for all your kindness. By the way," he added carelessly, "what did you do when you heard of my accident?"

"Of course we had no idea how serious it was. But we came off at once, bringing a doctor——"

"And then—?" as she paused.

"And then I—that is we—thought—" she stopped with a shudder. "Oh, it was horrible!"

"Was it?" He looked at her. Then suddenly a smile parted his lips.

There was silence. At last she turned her eyes from the sea to his face,

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"Why did you let him go?" she asked abruptly.

He returned her look with mild surprise.

She moved impatiently. "Oh, yes, I know the story that has been given to the world. But why did you do it?"

"Because," he answered simply, "I could do nothing else."

"I suppose," he continued, after a little pause, "he has gone away?"

"He could hardly have done otherwise," she returned, drily.

"And for that you have me to thank. How friendly disposed you must feel towards me now!"

Miss Fane glanced at him quickly.

"That," she said slowly, "was all a mistake."

"Was it?"

"A piece of foolishness on my part," she continued, which struck him as a remarkably humble admission from the self-confident Miss Fane. "I can't imagine why I allowed myself to drift as I did. It was wilful self-deception on my part. I heard rumours in Paris last year of various political matters in which he had been mixed up. I even heard it whispered that he was a Government——"

"Exactly," he interrupted smoothly, "but the word has an ugly sound and we won't use it. I don't think you need blame yourself for enjoying his society. Socially he is undoubtedly a success."

"But you don't know all."

"Don't I?" He looked at her with a little enigmatic smile in his eyes.

"He—he asked me to marry him." She paused. Then went on with breathless haste. "I asked him to wait—to give me three weeks in which to think over my answer. I thought if I were making any mistake I should know by that time."

"And when were you first conscious that it was a mistake?"

Her eyelids flickered under his steady gaze.

"I think," she said, below her breath, "always. But more especially that evening, a fortnight ago, when—we came back from the flagship."

He was the first to break the silence that followed.

"And what about the answer?"

"I sent it next day."

A momentary expression crossed her face. The man who was watching her could not tell if it were some deeper emotion or merely the regret of a sympathetic nature at having caused avoidable pain.

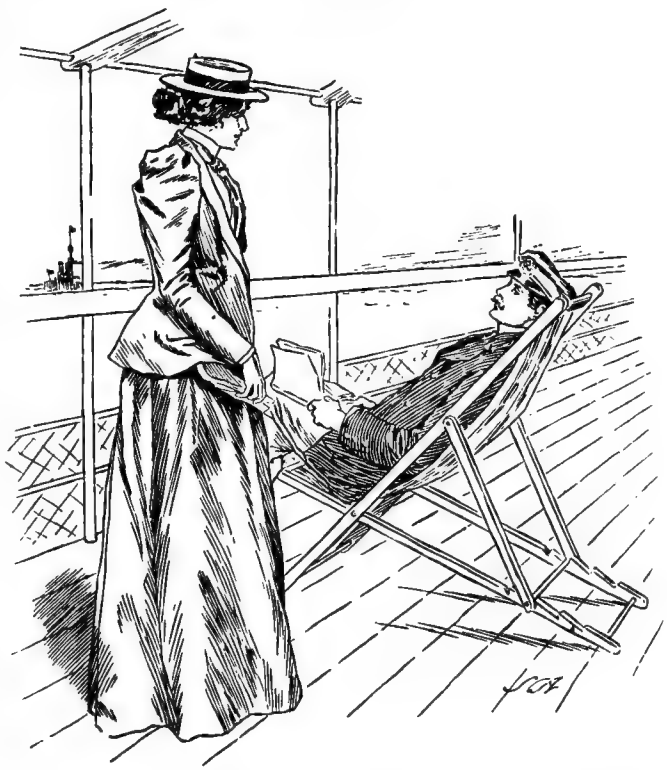
Her eyes turned once more to the vividly-blue Mediterranean and the gay-coloured boats with their lanteen sails.

"We are going on to Norway," she said, presently. "Won't you join us? My father will be very pleased if you will do so."

Her hands were loosely clasped on her knees. He leant forward and laid his lean brown fingers lightly upon hers. And as they did not seem to resent the touch, his closed more firmly over them.

"If I come," he said, and his face was no longer expressionless, but full of a great earnestness and something she had never seen there before, "it will be on the condition that I have a satisfactory answer to a question I have been waiting to ask for a long time. Ethel, will you promise to give me the answer I want?"

"Don't you think," she returned gravely, yet with a mischievous light in her eyes. "I should wait to hear that question before I make any rash promises!"



**After a moment's hesitation Ethel Fane came to his chair.**



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# WOODEN-LEGGED CELEBRITIES.

By Jessie W. Brown.

"A leg, a redundancy! a mere nothing at all. Man is from nature an extravagant creature. In my opinion, we might all be full as well as we are, with but half the things that we have."

So says the merry one-legged Foote in his comedy of "The Lame Lover," and though few who have had the misfortune to lose a leg would be likely to agree with him, still there are not a few cases recorded in history which would seem to give some colour to his curious contention. For although to lose a leg is undoubtedly a great misfortune, there have yet been many famous men and women in the past, who, in spite of this disadvantage, have distinguished themselves in active, as well as sedentary careers, and who have made a name for themselves on the battlefield, on the stage, and, strange as it may seem, even in the athletic world.

No greater story of bravery has perhaps ever been recorded in the history of the British Navy than that which is told of the gallant Admiral Benbow, when he encountered the French Fleet on August 19th, 1702. At the most critical moment he found himself almost deserted by the captains of the other ships, who refused to obey his signals. For four days he fought on at great disadvantage, and on the morning of the 24th, his right leg was shattered by a chain shot, But when his officers proffered their condolences, he pluckily cried, "I had rather have lost them both than have seen this dishonour brought upon the English nation. But hark ye, if another shot should take me off, behave like men and fight it out."

After his wounds were dressed, he continued, incredible though it may seem, till night at his post, commanding his ship and infusing courage into his officers.

A somewhat similiar case, though of a more romantic character, was that of Maid Lilliard, who fought at the Battle of Ancrum Moor. Tradition tells us that to avenge her lover, who fell at the fight, she rushed in and dealt blows right and left, even after she lost both legs, and to such good purpose, that she is said to have been the means of turning the fight, and eventually gaining the battle.

**Admiral Benbow.**

He lost his leg in the great sea fight against the French on 19th August, 1702.

The following curious inscription is carved on the monument erected to her memory on Ancrum Moor, on that part of the battle ground which is still called "Lilliard's Edge."—

Fair Maiden Lilliard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature, but muckle was her fame;
Upon the English loons she laid mony thumps,
And when her legs were cutted off she fought upon her stumps.

Another famous instance of mind triumphing over matter is given in

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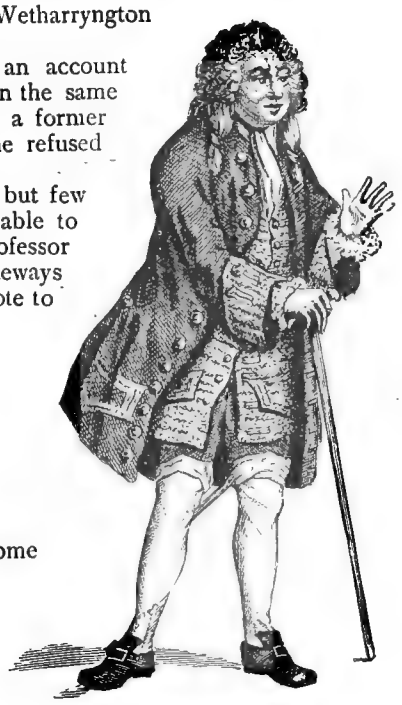
the ballad of Chevy Chase, in which it is related that Squire Wetharryngton fought under, or rather over, the same disadvantages.

In the Portuguese poem of the "Lusiad," there is an account given of the young Almeyda, fighting on Indian seas in the same peculiar circumstances. His father had taunted him with a former retreat, and so, contrary to the advice of his officers, he refused to bear off, even after his leg was shattered.

The former are all wonderful instances of bravery, but few have shown such a philosophical spirit or have been able to make merry over their affliction like the late genial Professor George Wilson of Edinburgh, author of "The Five Gateways of Knowledge." After the amputation of his foot he wrote to a friend in the following humorous strain :

No more shall I, in country dance or reel,
Labitsky's waltz or Musard's last quadrille
Shuffle my feet, or make my body wheel
On light fantastic toe.
When I creep outwards to the light of day,
The people passing me will turn and say,
"That little fellow limping o'er the way
Has one foot in the grave."



**Samuel Foote.**

He was an actor and lost his leg owing to a fall from his horse.

In a letter of thanks to a lady, who had sent him some calf's foot jelly, he asks if she had sent it on the homœopathic principle, that a dose cooked from the foot of one calf would be likely to prove beneficial to the ailing foot of another. "If so," he says, "I admire your philosophy and have improved on it, for my diet consists chiefly of the flesh of chickens, to which I have betaken myself from a remembrance that these worthy animals spend a great part of their lifetime standing on one leg! a feat which, now I am struck off the list of bipeds, I cannot learn to perform too well."

**Foote playing in the "Lame Lover."**

Far from giving up his profession, he turned his misfortune to account, writing and acting pieces suitable for a one-legged man.

Amputations, according to the opinion of a well-known manufacturer of artificial limbs, tend to enhance rather than to reduce vitality. He affirms that those who have lost an arm or a leg frequently have their lives prolonged and their health improved as the result of the loss. Even the mental forces, according to this authority, are strengthened in cases of amputation. Whether we may believe in these assertions or not, we certainly find quite a group of individuals in the eighteenth century who distinguished themselves as much after, if not

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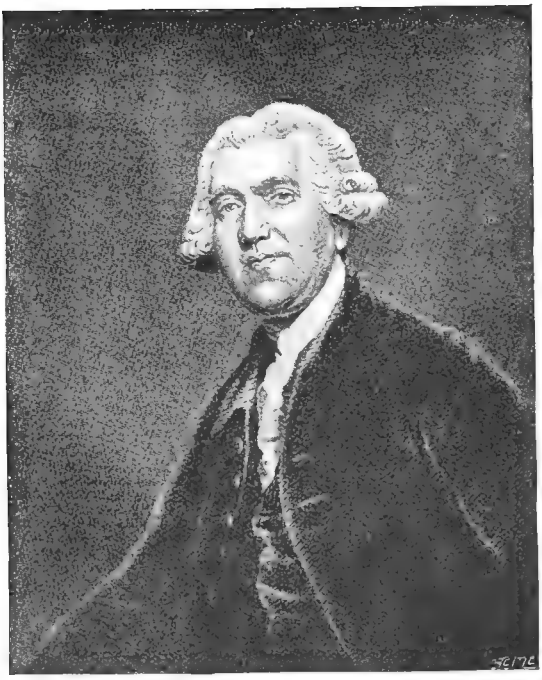

**Josiah Wedgewood,**

The great potter, who died in 1795, was extremely particular as to his wooden leg, and was always getting a new one. One of his workmen in the pottery was an expert leg-maker, and so kept him well supplied.

more than before, the loss of their limbs. We find, for instance, a very striking case in that of the celebrated Samuel Foote, actor, wit and dramatist. He had the misfortune to lose his leg owing to a fall from his horse while at Lord Mexborough's in 1776, the Duke of York being present at the time. Undismayed by what to most men following his profession would have appeared a fatal blow, Foote turned his misfortune to account, writing and acting pieces suitable for a one-legged man, such as "The Devil upon Two Sticks" and "The Lame Lover." In the latter play he puts his own sentiments into the mouth of Sir Luke—a part he himself acted with great spirit—when he, in discussing his misfortune, says: "Consider I can have neither strain, splint, spaven, or gout, have no fear of corns, kibes, or that another man should kick my shins or tread on my toes. . . . To be sure, I'm a little awkward at running, but then, to make me amends, I'll hop with any man in town for his sum." And in another part of the play, Charlotte exclaims, Oh, sir, I know how proud Sir Luke is of his leg, and have often heard him declare that he would not change his bit of timber for the best flesh and bone in the kingdom. . . . Sustaining unavoidable evils with constancy is a certain sign of greatness of mind."

The Duke of York, being naturally interested in Foote, as he had been a witness of his accident, managed to secure for him a Royal Patent for a summer theatre, where he produced and acted in his new plays.

Few are aware that Josiah Wedgwood, the great potter, who died in 1795, wore a wooden leg, or rather a succession of wooden legs, for he was hard to please with them. Indeed, at one time he employed a clever workman in his pottery, who had also a special genius for the making of wooden legs, and who wore one himself. In this way the great Wedgwood killed two birds with one stone, for, besides having the advantage

**Jenny Cameron.**

She was one of Prince Charlie's devoted admirers; indeed scandal has not spared her name with respect to her and the Prince.

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of the man's services in his pottery, he could get a new leg constructed whenever the fancy struck him.

A man who may be called a celebrity, although in no honourable sense, was William Lauder, "the literary impostor," who attempted to ruin Milton's reputation by accusing him of plagiarism, and who suffered amputation in consequence of an accident. His startling assertions caused a great sensation at the time but he was ultimately discovered to be himself a miserable cheat and impostor, and was forced to leave the country amid universal contempt, having first signed a confession dictated by Doctor Johnson. Leigh Hunt in his Autobiography, mentions the fact that Lauder died at Barbadoes in 1770, and also states that he wore a wooden leg.

Sir Brook Watson, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1796, and who served with General Wolfe at the siege of Louisbourg, was nicknamed "The Wooden-legged Commissary." In early life he underwent a terrible experience. While bathing in the Harbour of Havana, he had his leg bitten off by a shark, but this untimely accident in no way interfered with his future brilliant career. In the same year that he was Lord Mayor a curious cricket match was played by Greenwich pensioners—eleven with wooden legs, and eleven with one arm—the wooden-legs carried the day.

**General Pierre Daumesnil.**

He lost his leg at the battle of Wagram. He became a general in 1812, and was afterwards made Governor of Vincennes, and refused to surrender to the allied armies when they invaded France.

Among wooden-legged celebrities we have no more interesting character than that of Madam Jenny Cameron, whose strange history has such a romantic connection with Prince Charles Edward.

Although historians are at variance regarding many points of her career, it is known for a fact that she headed 200 Cameronians at the raising of the Standard at Glenfinnan. It is related that she personally led these men in action at Prestonpans, Falkirk, and Culloden. Pichot, the French historian, gives a very vivid and picturesque account of her first meeting with Prince Charles at the gathering of the Clans. She rode on horseback, he states, at the head of her men with a drawn sword in her hand, wearing a gown of amazon green, bordered with scarlet, and embroidered with gold, her hair falling in curls over her shoulders, and wearing a blue velvet toque with a red feather. Giving a military salute, she thus addressed Prince Charles:

"Prince, my nephew not being able to join the Royal Standard, I myself have gathered the Clans which I present to Your Royal Highness. I think all the men are ready to risk their lives for your cause; and although commanded by a woman, I hope there is nothing effeminate about them, for I feel that so glorious a cause has aroused manly feelings in my breast and completely extinguished feminine sentiments, what effect then must it have produced in those who have never been afraid to fight and who are not troubled with the garments of my sex! These men are yours, Prince, they have devoted themselves to your service and they bring you their hearts as well as their arms. If I cannot follow them

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further I shall stay behind to pray Heaven you may be victorious."

The Prince, charmed and fascinated, overwhelmed her with kindness. He was in the habit of calling her familiarly "the pretty Colonel," a name which stuck to her always. Scandal, of course, has not spared her name, but as Pichot says, "if her loyalty did become love, Jacobite chroniclers have shown themselves discreet," and there certainly is nothing definite recorded to her discredit.

That she suffered great reverses before her death, may be inferred from a footnote in "Chamber's Traditions of Edinburgh," which runs thus: "Jeanie Cameron, the mistress of Prince Charles Edward (so often alluded to in Tom Jones), was seen by an old acquaintance of ours, standing upon the streets of Edinburgh, about the year eighty-six. She was dressed in men's clothes, and had a wooden leg. This celebrated and attractive beauty, whose charms and Amazonian gallantry had captivated a Prince, afterwards died in a *stair-fit*, somewhere in the Canongate."

**The Marquis of Anglesey.**

He lost his leg at Waterloo, but afterwards wore a certain style of artificial limb which became known as "The Anglesey Leg."

A good story, with which all Frenchmen are acquainted, is told of General Pierre Daumesnil. Born in 1777, he joined the army when very young, and was a private during the Italian and Egyptian wars. At the battle of Wagram his leg was shot off by a cannon ball. He was made a general in 1812, and was afterwards appointed Governor of Vincennes, a large fort near Paris. When the allied armies invaded France this fortress was besieged by the Prussians, whose officer called on Daumesnil to surrender, but he at once retorted, "Je vous rendrai Vincennes quand vous m'aurez rendu ma jambe" (I shall surrender Vincennes when you return me my leg). The play of words is on the verb "rendre," which has the double meaning of "to surrender" and "to give back." Needless to say the leg was not returned, nor was Vincennes surrendered.

A good story is also told of M. de Latour Maubourg, one of Napoleon's officers, who lost a leg at Dresden. Seeing his faithful servant in tears over his misfortune, Maubourg exclaimed, "What are you so sorry for? — you will for the future have only one boot to clean." This was the man to whom Napoleon gave command of the eighteen hundred horsemen in the famous retreat from Moscow.

A certain style of artificial leg in use at the present day, is called "The Anglesey Leg." It derives its name from the Marquis of Anglesey, a distinguished officer, who commanded the British Cavalry at Waterloo, and there had the misfortune to lose his leg. His artificial leg was specially constructed for him, and partly designed by himself.

The making of artificial limbs has been brought now to a very high state of perfection, and few people are aware of their enormous cost and of the ingenuity that is required in their construction, so that the natural action of the muscles and joints may be as closely imitated as possible. Henry Wendhoff, the American millionaire, who lost all his limbs some years ago, through a railway accident, has four artificial limbs which cost him no less a sum than £5,000, but it is said that

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with their aid he manages to get along very comfortably.

That the art of making artificial limbs is by no means a modern one, we know from the fact that a specimen was found in a tomb at Capua, dating about 300 B.C. It represents accurately the form of a leg, and was found next a skeleton with one foot. A belt of sheet bronze was round the waist, and to this the artificial leg was probably fastened.

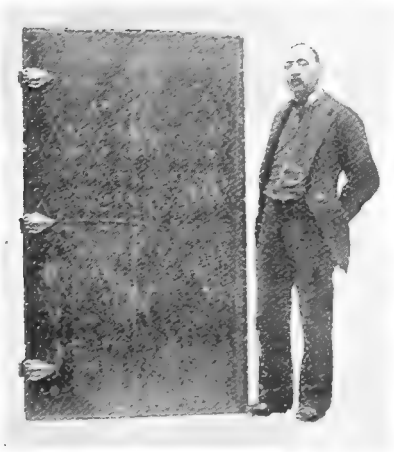
There are many one-legged celebrities in fiction as well as in real life. We have John Silver, for instance, in "Treasure Island," that amusing scoundrel whom we all know. Although unprovided with a wooden leg, his wooden crutch seemed endowed with life, and was used in dozens of different ways by its owner, and was even the weapon he used to commit a murder.

Then there is Silas Wegg in "Our Mutual Friend," who kept a fruit stall near Cavendish-square, and was known as "the literary man with the wooden leg." "Sooth to say, he was so wooden a man that he seemed to have taken his wooden leg naturally, and rather suggested to the fanciful observer that he might be expected—if his development received no untimely check—to be completely set up with a pair of wooden legs in about six months."

# THE LARGEST AND LITTLE-EST OF BOOKS.

By Florence Burnley.

The largest book in existence, which makes the tall man standing at its side lose several inches of his height, as seen in the photograph,



**The Largest Book in England.**

It stands 5ft. 10in. high.

is a Dutch volume, five feet ten inches in height, and three feet two-and-a-half inches across. It is handsomely bound in morocco, ornamented in gold with the harp, thistle, rose, and *fleur-de-lis*.

The smallest book in England is Schloss's "English Bijou Almanac for 1839," which is poetically illustrated. This little volume contains portraits of Princess Victoria, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, Lady Blessington Wellington, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Gertrude Pasta and Beethoven, to each of which is appended a little poem. Then follows the calendar. Inside the cover is the inscription (Anna East—her Book). The absurdly small size of this little *multum in parvo* will be best realised when seen side by side with a man's

**The Smallest.**

It measures just ¾in. and ½in. wide.

thumb, as in our illustration; the little volume measures just three-quarters-of-an-inch, and is half-an-inch wide.

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King Charles II. in his Robes of State.

# THE CORONATION OF A GIPSY KING.

By Alick Munro.

*(Photographs by Gibson, Coldstream.)*

On Whitsun Monday, May 30th, 1898, a king was crowned in Great Britain. But there was no treason in this, for Charles Faa Blythe, who was crowned king of the Border gipsies on that day at Kirk-Yetholm, is a good and loyal subject of our Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria. In witness whereof, was not "God Save the Queen" sung at his coronation?

May 30th was a bustling day on the Borders; for the gipsies had said that on this day they would choose them a king, after having lived for fifteen years without one. There were about four thousand visitors scattered about between the little villages of Yetholm and Kirk-Yetholm, and many of them had come long distances "jist to see the tinkler-body croon't." Elsewhere (so I learned afterwards) Whitsun Monday was a wet, cheerless day; but here at the foot of the Cheviots the clouds rode high and feathery. We had—shall I say "king's weather" in Yetholm? Piles of bicycles were everywhere, one motor car, and cameras innumerable, for everyone seemed to have made preparations to "shoot" King Charles at sight.

The stream of traffic seemed to be setting in the direction of the village green of Kirk-Yetholm. I followed it.

The platform on which the ceremony was to take place was built against a gable of the "Old Border Inn," and the decorations which the committee had put up only partly concealed the fact that T. Renalson, innkeeper, was licensed to sell ale, spirits, and tobacco. Round this platform there was an enclosure of wooden railings, inside which were seats; and into the possession of these one entered by the payment of a varying number of silver shillings, according as one wanted a "reserved" seat or not. In the end the frontier between "reserved" and "unreserved" was lost, and no Royal Boundary Commission could have found it. But that was the fault, not of the king, but of the crowd.

The Coronation Ceremony.

It was a humorous crowd. It refused to take things seriously. In the interval of waiting, it chaffed the Lord Chancellor, who was loafing about disconsolately, and evidently wondering why

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on earth "the man who would be king" didn't hurry up and arrive. Even the wonderful red cloak with the fur collar, by which the Chancellor was made beautiful, failed to awe this crowd. For the crowd laughed at the Lord Chancellor, shot witticisms at him, and told him to "Cheer up; Charlie'll be here in a meenit—he's shavin'." And when the king's red-robed minister turned an indignant glance upon the jesters, they jeered again, and—photographed him.

But presently the band struck up, "Wha would not die for Charlie?" and we cheered wildly, for we knew now that the king we had come to crown was near enough to hear the proofs of our loyalty. A look of content

**The King with the Hereditary Archbishop of Little Egypt and other Gipsy Officials.**

smoothed out the lines on the worried Chancellor's face, and the Royal procession filed in and took up its several positions on the platform. The Rev. William Carrick Miller, the Convener, held up his hand for silence, and gave out the first verse of the "Old Hundredth." Well, we stood up and sang it, and when it was over we remained standing with uncovered heads, until the minister had finished the prayer which followed. And the space of five minutes which that prayer occupied was the one interval in the whole day in which the crowd was quiet and serious; for they stood with heads reverently bowed, and glances bent to the ground, and forgot for the moment that there was anything of a farce in this Royal Coronation which they had come to see.

Was it, then, a farce? In the eyes of the committee who had organised it, and by whose invitation we were there, most assuredly it was not. The ceremonial was solemn and formal. Moreover, we were assured that any money profit which might result from the day's proceedings would certainly not be handed over to Prince Charlie to use as he pleased; but that the Chancellor, aided by a duly elected finance committee, would take charge of the monies, and would dole them out to the monarch in such sums, and at such periods, as should seem to them, in their wisdom, suitable. No farce about that. It was sober, orthodox, constitutional monarchy; and likely to be, for Charlie, a sufficiently serious business. In fact there were many murmurs of sympathy from the crowd when this arrangement was made known; for a finance committee, at any rate, is a very solemn thing.

But then we remembered that the crown which was to press this cruelly limited monarch's brow was of brass, the enormous jewels which studded it were the cheapest kind of paste; the gorgeous Court robes of the King and his ministers looked like the loot from some theatrical slop-chest; the glitter and tinsel were the glitter and tinsel of the fair-booth; and — the Hereditary Archbishop, who was to place the crown upon

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**The Court of the Gipsy King.**

King Charles's head, was a blacksmith in a leathern apron and rolled-up shirt sleeves! Yes, perhaps the farce element was not, after all, wholly wanting.

But the heralds have come in, and are reading their proclamation, a clause at a time.

It having been found that the royal and ancient people of Little Egypt are in trouble and becoming scattered from the royal villages of Yetholm, from having no ruler to guide and protect their kingdom; they, with the help of the people of the old villages of Town and Kirk Yetholm, have declared for a king, lest they become a forgotten race; and, having considered the hereditary rights of Charles Faa Blythe, have agreed that he shall be crowned King of the Yetholm Gipsies, with all the honours due to a Prince of the royal gipsy blood. Challenge who will!

There was a moment's pause. Would anyone challenge? It seemed so, for the Rev. Mr. Miller was reading a letter which he had received from a man called William Blythe, of 8, Salamander Street, Leith, claiming the crown on behalf of his father, David Blythe, Chirnside. The crowd became breathless. A pretender! How would the rival claims be settled? By a Homeric combat with staves on the Yetholm Common, perchance. The crowd still held its breath, and waited anxiously for the next move.

"Is David Blythe present?" asked Mr. Miller, a little sternly.

There was no reply. A minute's grace was given, but the Pretender did not appear to make good his challenge. So without further interruption the ceremony went on. Archibald Gladstone, the Hereditary Archbishop of Little Egypt, was introduced in his shirt sleeves and leathern apron to the multitude. Then the uncrowned king himself was introduced.

Charles Faa Blythe is a hale, weather-beaten man of sixty-nine. He is the son of the late Esther Faa Blythe, queen of the Border gipsies, who died at Kelso on the 12th of July, 1883, and whose dust now lies, mingled with that of her fighting ancestors, in the royal burying ground of the churchyard at Yetholm. For fifteen years, therefore, the gipsies of the border have been without a crowned ruler, and during the greater part of that time Prince Charlie has been wandering in Northumberland, hawking hardware, and getting occasional jobs at harvest work on the farms. He has been, among other things in the course of a hard life, an ostler and a navvy; and for the last two years he has kept a lodging house at Yetholm. But, though he has thus allowed himself to become domesticated he is well known to retain a preference for the free life of the roadside; a bed under the tilt of a cart, and the song of the larks in the morning to wake him. He seems to be a little bit nervous just now, as he faces this cheering, well-disposed crowd; but there is a look of pride, too, on his face. For is he not a prince of the true royal gipsy blood?

Archibald Gladstone, the king-maker of

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Yetholm, takes up the crown and advances to put it on the Royal head. The crowd, eager to see, jumps upon the seats. The seats are not strong enough to stand this. There is a crash and a scramble as three or four of them give way. Fortunately no one is hurt; but, unfortunately, while we are laughingly sorting ourselves from amongst the *débris*, the coronation has taken place, and many of us have not seen it! The crowned king is bowing and smiling to us, and we cheer him lustily, and call upon him for the speech which the programme says we are entitled to. We get a speech—from the lately much-worried Chancellor. We hear it patiently, but we want a speech from the king. "Speech! Speech! Charlie! Speech!" we cry; but Charlie only bows, smiles steadily, and keeps silence. Later in the day the reason for this royal taciturnity was explained by King Charles' own sister.

King Charles in Undress Uniform.

"Him speak!" exclaimed this lady scornfully. "He canna put three words together. He's a fechless cratur. If it had been his mither, now, Queen Esther that was—eh, she was a grand speaker! But him——"

But as Queen Esther died fifteen years ago, her ready powers of oratory (to which everyone who knew her bore witness) hardly helped matters now.

After the coronation, King Charles the Second seated himself in the royal coach with his bashful, if hardly blushing, queen at his side, and took his place in the procession which was to make a tour of the villages. The royal car was drawn by six small donkeys, and escorted by six large policemen. The policemen kept close to the king, not because there was the smallest fear of a disloyal attack upon the person of his majesty, but because there was the greatest fear that the coach might be overturned by the mere force of the fervidly loyal onslaughts which were made upon it by the monarch's countless friends. Everyone wanted to shake hands with King Charles; and nearly everyone did shake hands with him. The police contented themselves with seeing that not more than twenty people shook hands with him at once.

In the procession which succeeded the coronation ceremony there were mounted men in character, the band of the Buccleuch Pipers, a boys' brigade, a brass band, the committee (also in character), halberd bearers, heralds, the royal coach, and a "miscellaneous following." We, the spectators, were the "miscellaneous following." We were billed as such on the programme. I remembered that I had read that in the funeral train of Wull Faa, a former king of the gipsies, there were three hundred asses. In the coronation procession of Wull Faa's descendant, Charles Faa Blythe—well, there were six, at least, harnessed to the royal coach.

The Gipsy Monarch and his Bodyguard of Halberdiers.

The procession stopped for refreshments at the Royal palace—a little whitewashed, one-windowed cottage. Then it made the round of the village twice, and was cheered, photographed, and chaffed, until even these delights

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began to pall. The miscellaneous following had melted away very early in the progress. It was noticed, moreover, that the queen never once took her white handkerchief from her lips, and people wondered why. The attitude, which is, I am told, the correct one at a Yorkshire funeral, and is there always supposed to be indicative of the most poignant grief, seemed strange at a gipsy coronation.

When the procession had done its rounds, there was a public dinner, and speeches. In the afternoon there were athletic sports and dancing; and in the evening a coronation ball.

Thus was Charles Faa Blythe crowned king of the Yetholm gipsies. Long life to him; for he is like to be the last of his line. The cheap, tawdry ceremony will probably never be repeated, for, indeed, the thing has become a farce. Powerful and turbulent though they were in the past, the Border gipsies are an anachronism now, in these days of police and parish councils. With the disappearance long ago of border fighting, and more recently of border smuggling, their reason for existence has gone; as a race they are disappearing, for they do not keep themselves apart as they used to, and by intermarriage with the peasantry they are gradually, but still rapidly, being absorbed into the common Lowland type. There were very few pure gipsy faces to be seen in Kirk-Yetholm on this Whitsun Monday. Their maids are becoming domestic servants; their young men are becoming farm-labourers and grooms. As the royal proclamation put it, they are fast becoming a forgotten people.

But to one who remembers the past history of the race, there was a great deal that was really pathetic in the tinsel and make-believe of this Whitsun Monday spectacle. For, tawdry as it all was, the chief actor in it is none the less the grandson of that Charles Faa who was the honoured friend of Sir Walter Scott; and he may boast truly enough that he is of the pure race of kings. Members of his family have done great things in the stirring wars of the Borders, and have more than once earned the gratitude of the crowned rulers of Scotland—nay even have "dansit before the king in the Halyrudhous." A writ of James V., dated February 15th, 1540, is still preserved, inscribed in favour of "our louit Johnne Faa, lord and erle of Littill Egipt," and Charles Faa Blythe, whom we have just crowned king of the Yetholm gipsies, is a lineal descendant of "oure louit Johnne Faa." Moreover, on May 26th, 1540, James V. granted to the son of this Johnne Faa power to hang and punish all "Egyptians" within the realm; and earlier than that, on July 5th, 1505, James IV. gave to one Anthonius Gagino, Count of Little Egypt, a letter of introduction, couched in the most flattering terms, to the King of Denmark.

Another famous Border gipsy was Jean Gordon. The story of the trial and execution of her sons is told by Scott; and she is a frequent figure in Border story and ballad. Her death at Carlisle in 1747 was a tragic one, but the manner of her dying was characteristic of the indomitable courage of the woman and of her race. She was a Jacobite, and for that she was ducked in the river Eden. But she was a strong woman, and she got her head above water several times; and as often as she did so, she waved an arm and cried "Charlie yet!" and when she had no longer voice left to cry, tradition says that she still waved the arm.

Brave deeds indeed have been done in the past by the Border gipsies: gallant deeds of love; bold acts of plunder and pillage; fierce fights against law and the officers of the law; banquets, murders, and hangings. They had not always, or indeed often, right on their side; but no man could say that they were not brave fighters and worthy foes.

**The Palace of the Gipsy King.**

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# MR. HALL CAINE

## CONDUCTING A REHEARSAL OF "THE CHRISTIAN."

Good morning.

Rehearsal begins.

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"Stop, please!"

"I don't think I should do it like that."

"How should it be?"

A new "line" wanted.

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"Like this, please."

"Much better!"

"Excellent!

"Good-bye."

*From Photographs specially taken by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.*

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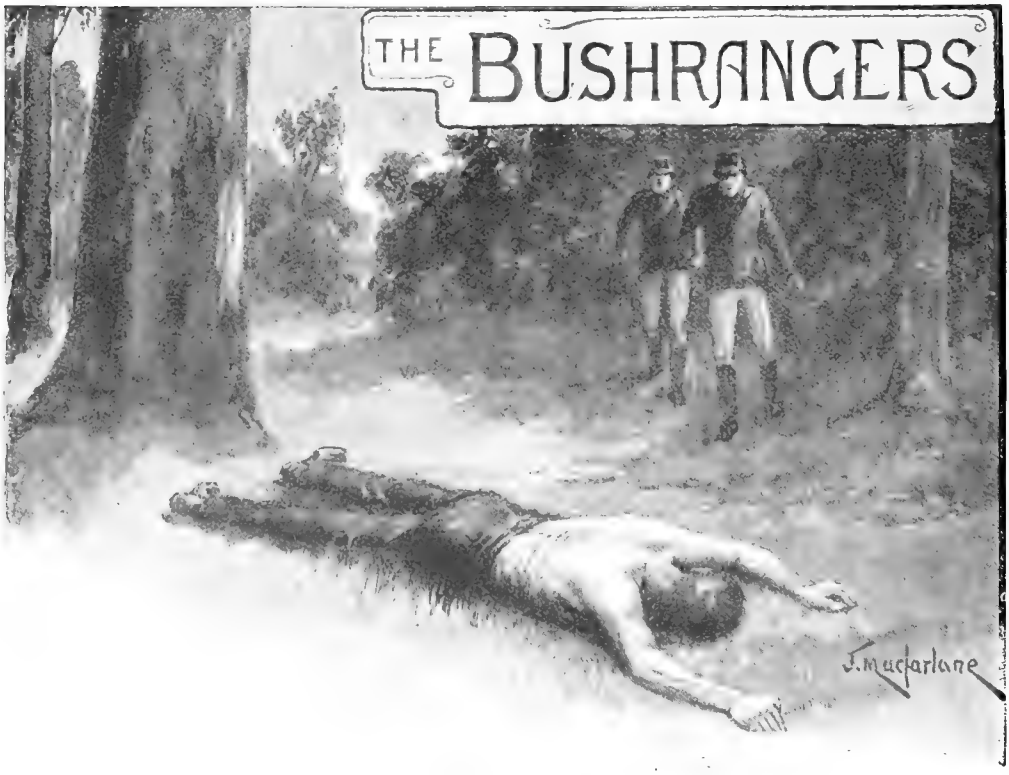


By Harry B. Vogel.

*Author of "A Maori Maid."*

## No. V.—THE HUNTINGTOWER BALL.

*(A Complete Story.)*

One afternoon some two months after the Campbelltown affair, Garnet and O'Dare sat at the entrance to the cave eating their evening meal. They soon completed their repast, and, having set a portion aside for Wingy Nolans, whom they were expecting, they commenced to smoke.

Suddenly their quick ears caught the sound of a horse's hoof coming through the slush of the swamp. The possibility of its being a stranger did not appear to strike either men. Probably they were both too confident in the security of their retreat.

"Here's Wingy, at last!" exclaimed Garnet, and, whilst O'Dare made ready the old man's meal, Garnet moved down to meet him.

"Hullo, Wingy!" he exclaimed, as Nolans cantered up. "Any news?"

"You bet, Cap'n, but I'll put the mare out fust, and jist 'ave a mouthful, for I ain't 'ad nothin' since daylight."

The old fellow quickly unsaddled his horse, and took off the bridle. The animal after a nibble or two at the grass at her feet, trotted down into the flat and joined the others. Nolans meanwhile carried the saddle into the cave and then proceeded to satisfy his hunger.

"Thank 'ee, sir, thank 'ee," he said, as he came to the fire and saw O'Dare's preparations for him.

In silence the man set to and, whilst his companions continued their interrupted smoke, made short work of the food in front of him.

"Ah!" he sighed presently, as he put down his empty pannikin and drew his rough grimy hand across his mouth. "I feels a sight better I tell ye. 'Arf a minute, till I

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get my pipe alight, and then I'll give ye what's doin'."

In due course clouds of smoke testified to the accomplishment of this last item of Wingy's comfort.

"The fact is, Cap'n, that last affair over at Campbelltown 'as made things fair 'um. D'ye know what it's done, sir?"

"Well?"

"Well, it's brought Austin 'isself up 'ere. They've seen 'im up with nigh on twenty troopers, a-purpose to 'unt us out. 'E's fair talkin' 'isself silly with what 'e's a goin' to do with ye. I tell ye its simply 'orrid to 'ear 'ow 'e's conductin' of 'isself!"

"Where is he?" asked Garnet, over whose face had come the look of hate, inseparable with his memory of the prison officer.

'E's at Cleveland. 'E's clean gone off the scent, leastways at present, and it's like enough he'll remain so, for none of the folks abart there love 'im. 'Sides, 'e's been at it agin'. 'E's fair beat 'isself this time."

**Towards the afternoon they struck the Macquarie and made for Jackson's Ford.**

"How's that?" asked O'Dare.

"Wal, there was a young 'un up at Cleveland out on Norman's run. 'E'd pretty nigh done 'is time when Austin runs acrost 'im and starts bullyin' 'im. The boss didn't come to 'ear of it, but it's pretty well abart that Austin made a dead set on the young chap and works on 'im till 'e said or did summut as Austin could iron 'im for, and 'aul 'im afore the beak. 'E' adn't a chawnce, the young 'un, and 'e got 'is fifty. Austin strung 'im up pretty sharp, and 'ad it laid on thick, but the young 'un, a rare plucky 'un, wouldn't as much as whimper. I reckon that fair nettled Austin, and 'e just took the opportoonity to lose count, and gave the poor devil a extry ten lashes or so. 'E never felt it, I suppose, nor it didn't make no difference to 'im 'cause—'cause," said Nolans, dropping his voice to an intense and unconsciously dramatic whisper, "'e was dead when 'e was cut down! 'E'd been flogged to death, and 'im not a month off 'is freedom."

A curious silence followed on Wingy's story, a silence broken at the fireside by the heavy breathing of the two listeners.

Garnet spoke first.

"By Heavens, he shall pay for it!"

"Amen!" said O'Dare, softly.

"Did you see Austin?" Garnet asked, presently.

"You bet I did. I jist made it my business to find out the general doin's of Cap'n Austin, and I find 'e spends most of 'is evenings acrost at Huntingtower, Fitzpatrick's place. 'E's a bit sweet on the young gal I reckon—or on 'er money. There's goin' to be a reglar kick up there in a week's time. The old man's only got this one gal and a son. The young chap's come out from England, and they're 'avin' a reglar slap up affair, a ball as you might say."

"A ball, eh?"

"Yus, they reckon there'll be pretty nigh sixty people there a gallavantin', and you bet 'is Royal 'Ighness Cap'n Austin, cuss 'im, 'll be there a swaggerin' somethin' 'orrid. 'Now there's your chawnce, Wingy,' I says. 'It's out of the range 'o your capacities to work details, but it's your chawnce, and it wants 'arf a dozen coves to 'elp. I knowed four real good 'uns as is fair 'itchin' to teach Austin a lesson, and I jest made sure on 'em in case you wanted 'em and then I clears back—I reckon I've done nigh on fifty miles to-day and rough goin' too. Now can you figure out the rest, Cap'n."

There was a few moment's silence.

"Do you know Huntingtower?" asked Garnet.

"Rather. Every inch on it. I was



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assigned there onst, and that bring in an eliment as you say. I might a died o' fever if it 'adn't been for Mrs. Fitzpatrick. She's dead now, and she thought as she was doin' me a mighty good turn to keep me alive by nursin' and fine feedin'. Oh, aye, I know Huntingtower, and whilst ye may do what ye like to Austin, ye ain't goin' to scrape a inch o' paint off a door post on the run. It ain't none o' yer sentimental gratitude this. I ain't sentimental. There ain't no soft tack about Wingy Nolans. But they were very good to me, and—well, it's a bargain, Cap'n, eh?"

"All right, Wingy. Austin's our mark this time, not vulgar loot. But tell me, does he take an escort with him when he rides across?"

"Yus. Two on 'em, but I reckon as they won't be 'ard to quiet. There'll be 'eaps 'o liquor knockin' round."

For a couple of hours the three men talked and schemed their desperate venture, until at length every detail being adjusted, they retired to rest.

Three days later Wingy left with the first streaks of dawn.

Garnet and O'Dare left the second day after Nolans' departure, driving before them their own spare horses and Wingy's, all three of which were left next morning in the clearing this side of Miller's Bluff. From there to Hummocky Mountain was a matter of twenty-five miles. Towards the afternoon they struck the Macquarie and made for Jackson's Ford, a mile or so below Dead Man's Creek. By nightfall they had reached Hummocky Mountain, and soon after dark found Wingy's camp.

The old man introduced his mates, although the faces of none of them were unfamiliar.

"It seems to me," said Garnet, after they had discussed their plans in detail, "we're not on the track of loot or harm. Austin's our game, and the teaching of a good lesson."

"That's it, Cap'n," said Nolans. "There ain't to be nothin' touched or 'urt 'cept 'im. Sort of concentrate yer 'urtin' on 'im."

"In fact," remarked Garnet, "it's an impromptu pleasure party. I'm not going in dress clothes, but I shall wear a pair of dancing boots, and possibly join in the festivities, eh, Teddy?"

O'Dare's eyes lit with the light of mischief.

"Egad, it would be sport! We'd have to see that everything was safe, and I don't fancy we'd have much difficulty in getting plenty of partners."

It was long past sundown the following day when the small cavalcade left, and, breaking into twos and threes, parted company, arranging to meet by the woolshed of the big station. This was effected without much difficulty; and after an hour or so of waiting until the festivities of the evening were likely to have made substantial progress they commenced to carry out their plans.

"Austin!" whispered Garnet, halting and laying his hand on O'Dare's shoulder.

The first and most important matter was to bail up the station hands together with Austin's escort. Leaving their horses in the sheep-yard, Garnet and his men walked slowly across the shrubbery that encircled the homestead. Skirting the outer edge, they came presently to the stables and cowsheds at the back of the house. Here they paused, whilst Garnet, O'Dare, and Wingy crept forward to reconnoitre.

"That 'ut over there's the men's quarters. There's a barn alongside where I 'eard they were goin' to give the 'ands a bit of a spread," whispered Nolans.

Wingy's information appeared to have been correct, for through the open door of

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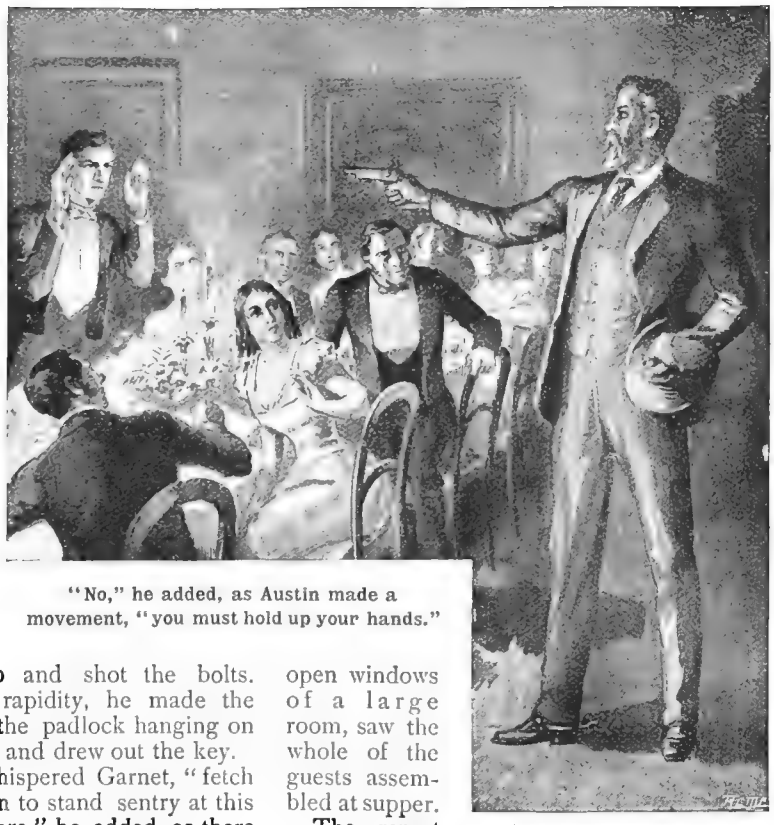
the barn came a blaze of light and the sound of jovial voices.

Signalling to the other men to close up, Garnet led the way to the back of the temporary banqueting hall. Then, slowly followed by O'Dare, he crept round towards the open door. He slipped his pistol into his pocket, and stepping forward glanced within. Seated at the table were fully a dozen men, conspicuous amongst them being Austin's two troopers. Garnet quietly and quickly pulled the door to and shot the bolts. Then, with infinite rapidity, he made the centre bolt fast with the padlock hanging on the staple and turned and drew out the key.



"No," he added, as Austin made a movement, "you must hold up your hands."

"Now, Wingy," whispered Garnet, "fetch a couple of your men to stand sentry at this door. Silence in there," he added, as there came a tug at the handle. As he spoke, he stooped and slipped a note under the door. The chief object of the raid was specifically stated, inasmuch as Garnet had a shrewd idea that the prospect of Austin receiving the punishment which had been decided, would be, if anything, a source of delight to one and all, even to the escort. The letter concluded with a warning that if the faintest effort were made to escape, the barn would be set alight.

The philosophy of helplessness, and just the sympathy in his undertaking which Garnet anticipated, together with the perfect confidence in the bushranger, if necessary, carrying out his threat soon induced the imprisoned men to continue their interrupted joviality.

Meanwhile, Wingy, with the other men, were sent off through the back of the house to seize and place under lock and key any men-servants they might find, whilst O'Dare and Garnet walked through the shrubbery to the front, the two bushrangers quietly and swiftly crept forward to the further side of the house and through the open windows of a large room, saw the whole of the guests assembled at supper.

The repast had apparently ended, and speeches were the order of the evening. As the two men approached from without there arose at the table a tall young fellow with black hair and eyebrows, and with eyes peculiarly keen and close set. The heavy nose and full sensual lips combined to form a countenance attractive at a quick glance, but distinctively repulsive upon closer scrutiny.

"Austin!" whispered Garnet; halting, and laying his hand on O'Dare's shoulder.

In a mincing affected voice, the man commenced a speech in honour of the ladies, which quickly drifted into a eulogy of himself. With the most consummate effrontery, and with not a little skill, he impressed on his hearers the importance of one Lieutenant Martin Austin, and suggested, by way of inference, the reckless courage of that estimable gentleman.

Here and there the remarks were pointed with distinct wit, and elicited a degree of laughter. Yet to all but the speaker—and if to him he was superbly indifferent—there was an absence of cordiality in the reception of his remarks. Not a soul in the room, but

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detested Martin Austin, and he knew it. The women feared and distrusted him, the men disliked him, but recognised that he held an official position of some importance.

Suddenly, in the midst of his braggart harangue, Austin stopped short. His eyes dilated, as they gazed across at the open window and his cheeks grew white. The curious stillness which for the moment followed, was broken by a quiet strong voice.

"Good evening, Mr. Austin," said Garnet, stepping into the room, at the same moment as O'Dare entered by the other window. "No," he added, as Austin made a movement, "you must hold up your hands, I'm afraid. Sorry to trouble you. Steady—so—that's better. Ladies and gentlemen," he added, to the company, some of whom had started to their feet. "You may rest assured that not the very slightest harm or even inconvenience shall be occasioned to anyone of you, nor, sir," he continued to Mr. Fitzpatrick, "to you or yours, nor any of your belongings."

"Who are you, and what are you doing here then?" quickly asked the old gentleman.

"Captain Jack I'm known as," answered Garnet, and there was a stir, as the oft-mentioned name fell on the ears of those assembled. The men looked curiously and noted the commanding height and carriage of this, the most famous bushranger of his time, whilst the women noted the handsome face and refined voice of a man, who, by his prompt bravery, had rescued two of their number from the clutches of inhuman wretches, at the risk of himself being killed, and, if wounded, arrested and hanged.

"My business," continued Garnet, still covering Austin with his pistol, is with Captain Austin alone."

Austin, as Garnet spoke, seemed to read the hatred in the bushranger's eyes. He stepped back a pace towards the door, only to find himself suddenly in the iron grip of Wingy and his comrade, who had entered from the passage.

With marvellous celerity the wretched man, now white with terror, had his hands tied behind him and was led out.

Then Garnet stepped quietly into the vacant seat, and took up the thread of Austin's speech. Sheer surprise at his audacity commanded silence, until his voice, clear and beautifully modulated, in itself rivetted attention.

The bushranger picked up the shattered fragments of the ladies' toast, and, prefacing his remarks with an assurance of his good intentions to all present, stipulated only to be left unharmed and untouched. "Otherwise," he added, "if I or my friend be interfered with, I cannot answer for the retribution which my comrades, who surround the house might exact."

Passing lightly over this phase of the position he succeeded in making a speech, excellent both for its gaiety and its wit, a speech indeed which quickly dispelled the effects of the curious circumstances of the speaker's arrival.

As Garnet resumed his seat—and not too without applause—he turned to his host with all the air and refinement of a great gentleman and repeated his assurances and rapidly put the old man at his ease. It was marvellous. It was astounding. It was an instance of the subtle power to fascinate, of which all who came in contact with the man invariably and quickly became aware.

In the ball-room, to which they all presently adjourned, he was found, moreover, to be as admirable a dancer as he was a speaker. In a little while the waltzing was general, and whilst it was understood that Mr. Fitzpatrick was held as a hostage of immunity, the gaiety of the evening was if anything enhanced by the presence of O'Dare and Garnet. They danced with Miss Fitzpatrick and the prettiest and daintiest of the other girls, not one of whom but enjoyed it.

To one girl, however, beyond all others she was envied too by her girl friends—Garnet was particularly attentive. He had recognised Miss Russell, the heroine of the Bellmont affair, and despite the divergent paths of their two lives, the power of a mutual regard drew both down a path of subtle and dangerous earnestness.

Neither man nor woman can command or forbid affection, and, though no single word betrayed the thought of either, Garnet and the fair young girl were guilty—as an elderly spinster was afterwards heard to express it—of a most outrageous flirtation. It was a dangerous pastime, and time had taken note of it, for future happenings, none of which pertain to this story.

The hours passed swiftly until, without, the moonlight overhead merged in the daylight of the east. Presently, as the last waltz on the programme came to a finish, Garnet's voice broke the silence in an intimation that for a few minutes all present would have to consider themselves prisoners.

"I shall simply ask you to remain quietly

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"You—you will not kill him?" she asked in a broken whisper, as she laid her hand on his arm.

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in here," he added, "nor will any harm be done to you."

As Garnet stepped on to the verandah, O'Dare stationed himself at the open window, whilst the company within stood puzzled and ill at ease.

The intentions of the bushrangers soon became evident. On the gravel path two of them suddenly appeared, leading between them the wretched young officer, his hands securely bound. He was no longer the swaggering bully, but distinctly in abject terror of what might be about to happen to him. Nor was he left long in doubt. The agony he had so frequently and so wantonly inflicted on the miserable wretches who had come within his grip was now to be meted out to him.

"Hanging's what you deserve, my fine friend," said Garnet, "but amongst other lessons you may learn to night, is the benefit of a little leniency. You're in for fifty lashes, Captain Austin, neither more or less, without break or pause, and if you be dead when you're cut down, may God have mercy on your soul!

"Take him away," he added, and Nolans and his companion half lifted and half dragged the wretched man, as he yelled and shrieked in his terror.

Half-way across the lawn they paused and gagged him, and in silence he was carried to the foot of a lofty blue gum.

As Garnet turned to follow, a girlish figure slipped past O'Dare and stole up to the bushranger. It was Miss Russell.

"You—you will not kill him?" she asked in a broken whisper, as she laid her hand on his arm.

He stopped and looked down on her.

"Do you mind so much?" he asked almost roughly.

"I—I hate him. But—he may die?"

"Yes," was the stern reply. "Not intentionally, but he may. You think it an undeserved punishment?"

"No, no! but yet——"

"You're a gentle, kind-hearted woman, Miss Russell—and I am——" he shrugged his shoulders.

"Sh—sh," she said, "I know you are brave, but—he will live?" she whispered. "Not for any liking I have for him: but——"

"Well?" asked Garnet, earnestly.

"Just to prove that you really are what I think you are. He will live?" she repeated, softly.

"Yes," answered Garnet presently, and every word came slowly, as from a man who is stepping back from danger. "Yes, he will live."

Before the girl could speak the bushranger had gone.

He walked swiftly across the bright moonlit lawn, leaving in the ball-room the crowd of blanched, white-faced men and women. At the far side of the lawn, he came upon a knot of men just as they were completing the fastening of the ropes, with which they had bound Austin to the tree.

Garnet stepped up to the man who held the cat.

"As long as he is conscious don't spare him, afterwards go easy. No good will come of killing him," he added, as though he felt that some excuse was necessary.

A quarter of an hour later the sentence had been carried out. Almost half the number of strokes had been laid on a senseless inanimate body, and at first when he had been cut down, it seemed as though he were dead.

Garnet laid his hand over Austin's heart.

"It's all right, he's alive."

"All wrong, may be," murmured Nolans, "I'd as lief 'eard 'e was dead, cuss 'im!"

On the grass at the foot of the tree they left the unconscious form.

"Look to him," said Garnet to the two constables, who had been relieved of their pistols. "Carry him round to the stables. A bucket of water will do as well as anything to bring him round. Go and fetch your horses and mine," he added to his own men, "I'll meet you by the front gate."

They moved off and he walked back across the lawn towards the house. O'Dare joined him.

"Teddy!"

"I know, old man, I know. I'll not spoil sport—but two's safer than one. Someone might have got hold of a pistol."

They reached the verandah and Garnet stepped into the room.

There was a stir of surprise and dread expectation as he entered. The girl he had spoken with as he left ran forward.

"You've kept your promise?" she asked eagerly.

He bent his head.

"Yes, Miss Russell," he said slowly, "I've kept my promise."

"Oh, how glad I am! He's alive, and—and you came back to tell us?"

"He's alive and—I came back to tell *you*. Yes, to tell *you*—that's all," and without another word he wheeled round, and with his companion strode silently away.

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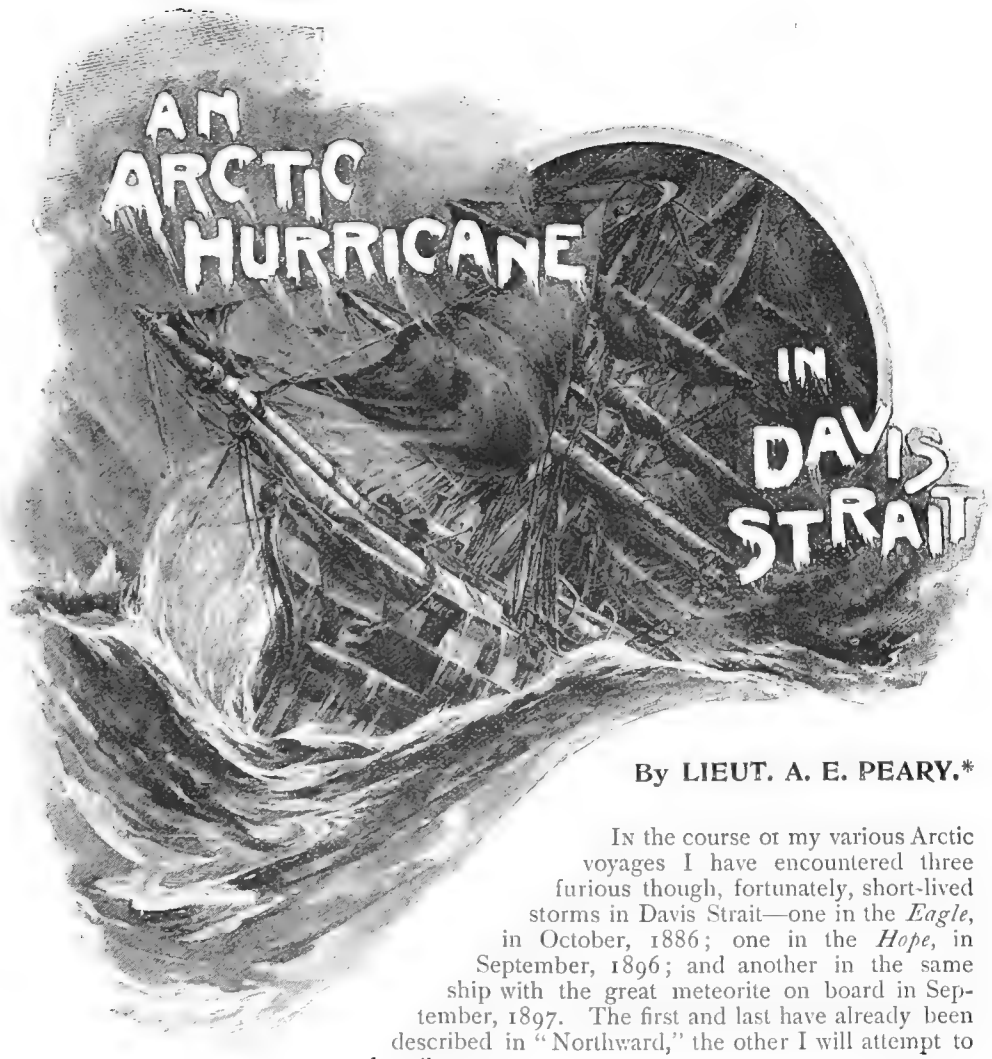


By LIEUT. A. E. PEARY.*

In the course of my various Arctic voyages I have encountered three furious though, fortunately, short-lived storms in Davis Strait—one in the *Eagle*, in October, 1886; one in the *Hope*, in September, 1896; and another in the same ship with the great meteorite on board in September, 1897. The first and last have already been described in "Northward," the other I will attempt to describe now.

Did we look at the map of North America, we should see how the expanse of Baffin Bay narrows to the comparatively contracted opening of Davis Strait between the Greenland coast and the easternmost point of Baffin Land. At the narrowest part between Cape Dier and Holsteinborg, almost precisely along the Arctic Circle, the width of the Strait is only one hundred miles. In September and October, when the rapidly increasing cold is changing the atmospheric equilibrium so rapidly that only the most energetic air transference can restore the balance, the storms thus generated rushing southward are compressed in the narrows of the Strait and develop an almost indescribable violence.

My summer's work was nearly done, After a long and unsuccessful struggle with the great meteorite at Meteorite Island, the *Hope* had been forced by the rapid forming of young ice and the near approach of the Arctic winter to retreat to Cape York and thence south through Melville Bay.

During the forenoon of September 11th, as the *Hope* steamed past the southern shore of Disco Island, the sun was gradually forcing its way through the clouds, and as we entered Disco harbour it shone brightly on the well-known warm brown cliffs. Throughout the afternoon, too, it warmed the place, late as was the season, into a summer aspect. When at last it set in the western waters it did so in a flaming crimson sky, the light of which

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poured through the harbour entrance, and touched the place with bits of vivid red. Against this western intensity the towering of Blaafjeldt stood out in purple silhouette.

At seven o'clock in the evening the *Hope* was in sailing trim, the members of the party penniless, and their bunks filled to overflowing with "truckie," the many interesting curios of this country—graceful little kayak bowls, ivory sledges and dogs, eider-down muffs, sealskin boots, mittens, purses, rugs, slippers, delicately-carved ivory necklaces, rosaries, watch chains, paper knives, &c. At 7.30 we steamed out with the usual formalities of saluting cannon, and headed south-westward, across the Strait for Cape Walsingham.

Though the *Hope* did not have the coveted meteorite on board, she did carry a goodly assortment of skins, specimens, skeletons of bear, reindeer, walrus, narwhal, white whale, denizens of the Arctic lands and seas, destined for the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. In a rude cage lashed down on the quarter deck were two young bears captured on the upward voyage, and forward in the fore peak were tied several Eskimo dogs, also destined for the American Museum.

The master of the *Hope* was the same Captain John Bartlett who had been master of the *Panther* with Hayes and Bradford in 1869, and who had navigated the *Kite* north in the summer of 1895 when she was sent by Mrs. Peary to bring me and my two comrades home. Her mate, bo'sun, and crew were typical Newfoundlers, every one a character, of whom by no means the least important was "Billy" Godly, the cook, whose fund of stories was inexhaustible, and not always to be entirely relied upon.

The *Hope* herself, as perhaps many of my readers may already know, was one of the typical steam sealers of medium size of three hundred and seven tons net. She was full bark rigged, with an unusually large jib and single topsails with patent roofing gear. Her boiler and engines, of some eighty nominal horse-power, were placed between the main mast and mizzen, and communicated their power to a propeller, which when tuned up to a speed of eighty to ninety revolutions per minute, would push the *Hope* through smooth water at the rate of about seven-and-a-half knots an hour. With the assistance of a fresh breeze, this speed might run up to ten knots an hour. A bow, graceful in spite of its heavy iron sheathing, a wide, roomy quarterdeck, and black ports painted in a white stripe on either side, gave the ship quite a trim and warlike appearance.

Baffin Bay was a sea of amber glass, and a narrow band of steely yellow sky, against which four or five bergs loomed in inky blackness, lay north and north-west past the face of Blaafjeldt.

As we cleared the western bluffs of Disco Island a short, vitreous swell came heaving down upon us from the northward, and fortunately for us showed the position of the dangerous Parry Rock, for which we were heading directly, and which would have been invisible but for the swell breaking upon it. Only the quick starboarding of the helm carried us clear.

A little later a light air came to us from the north, and staysails were run up to moderate the rolling of the *Hope* as the swell took her nearly upon the beam. Then the Captain and I turned in. When I awoke it was from the sudden impact of a shelf full of books upon my chest and stomach, and I realised that the *Hope* was rolling viciously, and the wind howling through her rigging, as I could tell by the deep æolian note which came down through the mizzen chains just outside my stateroom.

Shortly after midnight, on the report of the first officer that a whole gale was blowing, I went on deck with the captain, and found the old craft tearing away at full speed right in the trough of the sea, with jib, fore-topmast-staysail, main-topmast and top-gallant-mast, staysails and spanker set, and the wind howling through her rigging like a thousand demons. The engine was slowed to half speed, the top-gallant-mast staysail stowed, and the ship's head brought up to the wind a bit, which eased her very much.

I worked my way forward to the companion-way of the forward cabin, and looked down into a chaos of trunks, chairs, specimens, and paraphernalia of all kinds, dashing wildly back and forth, and it certainly seemed that every one was in good spirits. I did not risk the integrity of my bones by descending.

After keeping an eye on the *Hope* for an hour or so I returned to my bunk to finish my interrupted slumbers. The barometer had fallen two tenths more since 8 p.m., but was now stationary and the wind did not seem to be increasing.

Less than an hour later a series of particularly wild vagaries of the *Hope*, which nearly hurled me out of my bunk, sent me on deck to find the wind howling with redoubled fury. As I emerged from the companion-way it seemed for a moment as if

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it would almost literally lift my scalp. The sea was running furiously, black walls of water plunging down upon us as if the very cliffs of the shore had broken loose.

Making a quick rush to the mizzen weather

My feet sometimes swung clear of the deck.

shrouds, as the *Hope* rolled to windward, I caught and clung there, my feet sometimes swinging clear of the deck as she leaned to leeward, till it seemed as if she were going all the way over. As my eyes became accustomed to the darkness I saw that one of the boats had been swept away; scarcely had I noted this when a huge sea broke out of the darkness upon the quarter. In an instant the captain, who was standing near me, and I were drenched, beaten down, and half suffocated and stunned by the resistless weight of water which fell over the rail upon us, yet we clung to the shrouds with all our strength.

As I cleared my eyes and shook myself free from the crashing cataract, I heard a cry from the man at the wheel, and looking that way saw the bear cage, a heavy plank house, in which the two bears were confined, had filled with water, carried away its lashings, and jammed against the wheel, rendering it immovable. The *Hope* was falling off broadside to the furious seas.

The instant instinct of both the Captain and myself was the same, but the angle of the cabin skylight was in his way, while I had a clear road, and, throwing myself headlong across the slanting deck, shoulder and hands met the corner of the cage together. I felt it quiver under my impact; another push with all my strength and it yielded, and as bears, cage, some tons of water, and myself went crashing into the lee scuppers, I heard the rattle of the rudder chains and the burr-r-r of the wheel as the helmsman with all the energy of terror, whirled the helm hard-a-lee.

I felt the wild heave and staggering plunge of the *Hope*, followed, however, by no crash of water upon her decks, and a moment later as I emerged from the seething chaos in the scuppers, I saw the crest of a giant sea, such as Davis Strait alone can raise before the breath of an Arctic hurricane, hissing away into the grey green gloom to leeward. Not until I had seen the bears' cage lashed with turn after turn of heavy line did I go below to put on dry clothes.

In connection with this episode a rather amusing incident occurred. One of the gentlemen of the party came rushing on deck just after the crash, hatless and bootless, and started forward. I shouted to him that he had better go below again, as everything was all right and he would only get wet on deck. He followed my advice, and I closed the companion way quickly behind him to keep the cabin from being deluged.

Before I could get away, a lurch of the *Hope* forced me to keep my grip on the companion way for a few moments, and I heard confused sounds as of a violent struggle

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issuing from below. Sliding the top of the companion way and peering down through the crack, I could just make out the gentleman swaying back and forth half-way between the top and bottom. I opened the companion way to see what was the matter, when he dropped like a sounding lead and landed with a crash at the bottom in a confused heap, from which issued various disconnected and unseemly remarks. It appeared that in my hurried closing of the companion way I had caught his coat-tails, and the next lurch of the *Hope* had carried him off his feet and transformed him into a living pendulum. My opening of the companion way had freed these appendages and allowed Newton's discovery to do the rest.

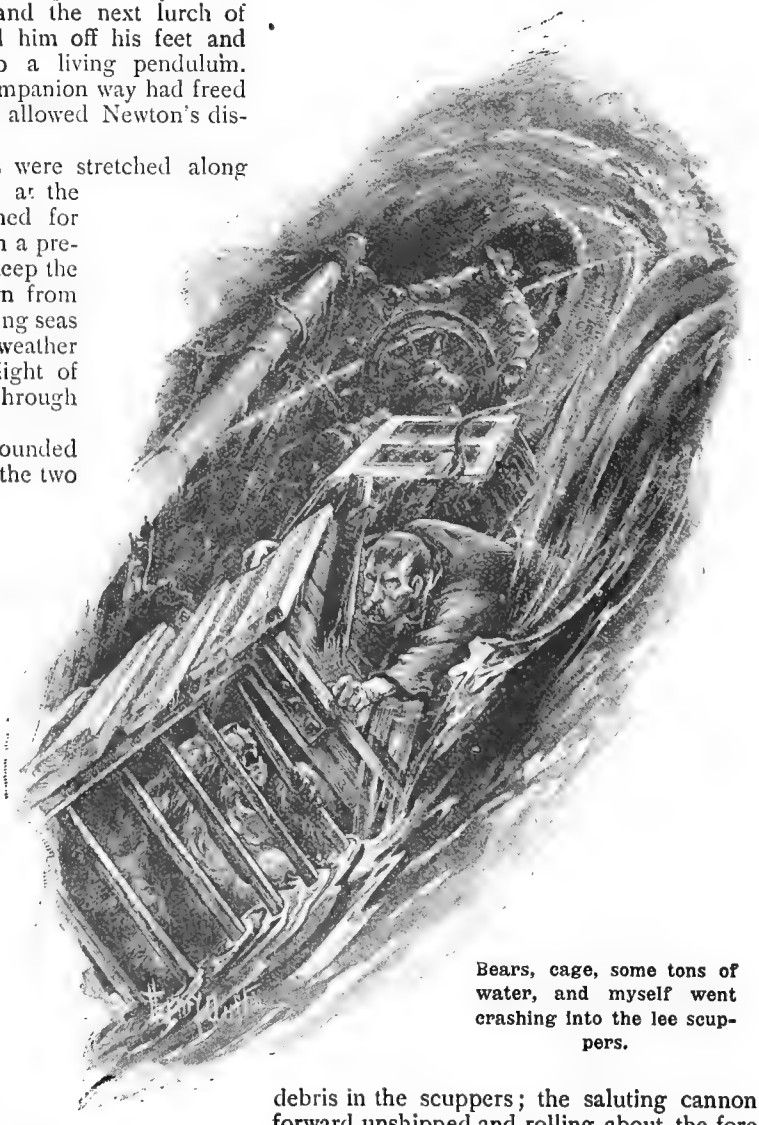
After this life lines were stretched along the deck — the man at the wheel had been lashed for hours to his place with a preventer line rigged to keep the wheel from being torn from his grasp by the battering seas —and we clung to the weather rigging till the grey light of dawn began to filter through the tumult.

Through all this sounded the hoarse roaring of the two bears, and from forward, between the crashing of the waves on the deck, rose the shrill howls of my poor dogs tied in the fore peak.

Suddenly the engine stopped. What was up now? A hurried inquiry and investigation showed that a rope from the gear of the lost boat was tangled in the propeller. We could not spare the propeller now; it was keeping the ship's head to the sea; it must be started at any cost, and cut or wear away the fouled line.

"Give her all steam;" and to our intense relief, after a few moments' delay, there ran from stern to stem a wrenching, grinding tremour, perceptible above all the shock of pounding waves. The propeller had started, then it stopped, started again, stopped once more, then in a laboured way which gradually became more easy, went on uninterruptedly. That menace was over.

As the daylight grew more pronounced I saw that the galley and the spare rudder had both been shifted and swept into the scuppers; the skeletons of narwhal and walrus and bear swept overboard or smashed among the debris in the scuppers; the saluting cannon forward unshipped and rolling about the fore peak, and various other minor havoc wrought.



Bears, cage, some tons of water, and myself went crashing into the lee scuppers.

At five o'clock in the morning the barometer began to rise slowly, and though the wind

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**The stove-pipe lunged for him like a giant harpoon.**

still blew with apparently as much force as ever, the character of the seas changed, and then began to subside with the wind. By noon the storm had moderated so that the *Hope* was put upon her course, the engine started at full-speed, and reefed top-sails set.

The forward cabin during the storm had been the scene of great excitement, and yet of more or less merriment. The fierce spiral rolls and plunges of the *Hope* had carried everything between decks, and the occupants of the port bunks had been exposed to an intermittent deluge of miscellaneous articles.

Professor Tarr's powerful personal magnetism, or the peculiarly favourable position of his bunk, exposed him to the bulk of the projectiles, and for a time he was a literal illustration of Chimmie Fadden's remark when fortune smiled upon him, "that things began coming his way so fast, he nearly broke his neck dodging them."

First the lamp in full flame soared from its slings, descended upon the Professor and was promptly extinguished. Then the stove slipped from its moorings and with affectionate warmth slid over and attempted to enter his bunk. A flock of birdskins, trophies of the summer, swooped upon him from between the deck beams, followed, like a flight of arrows, by the laths upon which they had been drying. Then the stove pipe lunged for him like a giant harpoon, and interspersed among these were trunks, chairs, a table, and all the numerous curios gathered in Godhavn.

While this was going on, the artist Operti, gayest of the gay, in abbreviated *costume de nuit*, held a candle while pallid unfortunates in similar attire relieved their feelings at the basin. Altogether it was a wild experience long to be remembered, and few, if any, of the party will ever regret the opportunity of adding it to their recollections.

During the afternoon succeeding the wild night of the storm, the sea subsided to an animated plain of hammered silver, touched here and there with the frosting of the white caps. A few stray icebergs glistened like giant pearls in the brilliant sunlight, and the *Hope*, with lee scuppers to the water, raced merrily away for Cape Mercy. The next morning we were fast in the drift ice off that bold headland, where we hung helpless for three days, and then extricating ourselves, steamed across to the whaling station at Blacklead Island with its colony of west coast Eskimos. Here we remained for a few days, and resumed our southward course, and then reached Sydney, Cape Breton, without any further incident of special interest or note.

But the storm we had encountered was one never to be forgotten, and its remembrance provided plenty of excitement for the remainder of the voyage.

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By Marvin Dana.

Just now, as you see me here, I am an eminently respectable member of society, holding a position in the vestry, and all that sort of thing, and the children, bless their hearts! would never in the world believe that their father at one time was as bad a scamp as ever drew pistol or played three card monte on the plains of the Wild West.

To you, confidentially, I don't mind confessing that for ten years, from the time that I was twenty-five until I was thirty-five, all the money I made, I made by gambling. But to render the confession complete I must add to it the fact that not only did I gamble but I also made it my rule to cheat every time I had the chance. Mind you, this was not so bad as it might seem to you, because, in those days, and in those places, that is to say, in the mining camps of the Western States and Territories of America, early in the fifties, gambling was the universal amusement, and the business of a large part of the community.

And gamblers were all expected to cheat on any and every occasion when they could do so safely. Nobody was expected to be honest for the sake of honesty. Nobody was expected to practise virtue merely for the sake of a good conscience. So, as I say, everyone cheated, if he had the necessary skill. But it was always on the understanding that detection made it a matter of life and death right then and there. If a gambler slipped a card, or "rung in a cold deck," he did it, well knowing the cost of being found out. Not only would he lose the stakes involved, he would also lose his life on the spot unless he handled his gun more quickly than did his adversary. If by a good shot he managed to save his life for the moment, he had to cut and run for it unless he wished the Vigilance Committee to hold a necktie party, with him as the principal guest.

Well, in those days I cheated, and the story of the last time in which I used unlawful arts for my advantage is the one I am about to tell. It was, too, the last time that I played at cards, but that is by way of being a sequel to the tale.

I had drifted to Pueblo, in Colorado, and there I fell in with Hank Murray. Hank, a few years before, had been a partner of mine when we ran a faro game in Karson, Nevada. In those days Hank's sole family had consisted of one girl, about fifteen years of age, a bright little thing; but I must confess that she had clean gone from my recollection when I discovered in Hank's house in Pueblo a tall and stately young woman, handsome as any queen, handsomer, in fact, than any picture I ever saw.

This was the little girl I had known five years before; but, good gracious! in Karson I had held her on my knees, and chatted to her by the hour; and here one glance from her blue eyes threw me into a perspiration, and gave me ague chills up and down my back, and generally "rattled" me, so that I

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didn't know whether I stood in boots or moccasins. To save my wasting rhetoric, I'll say abruptly that I fell in love. It was a tremendous fall, too. I had tumbled a little a good many times in the course of my short career. I remember one girl in Omaha —but there, never mind her! I got over that. This was different.

Usually I am glib enough with a woman; can talk her ear off if she is pretty enough to make it worth the strain on the vocal chords. But, my soul! Mona had only to come into the room, and I was straightway as dumb as an oyster. I courted her the best I could during the weeks I remained in Pueblo, but I wasn't up to much. I hung around in the room where she was, and looked at her when she didn't look at me, and turned red when she asked me a question, and stuttered and stammered whenever I tried to say that the weather was fine—and that's about all I did do. Whether or not she was observant enough to understand what my feelings were, I had no more idea than I had as to where and when I should hold my next four aces at poker.

I must say a few words about old Hank. It would need a good many to do him justice. If this were to be a character study, I could write a whole book just about Hank, for Hank was strong on character. I am not saying that it was good character or that it was bad character, but it was character all right enough. Not to go outside of the qualities that are concerned in this story of mine, Hank had a temper. A temper of the most reliable sort, for he always had it handy by him for use, and he brought it out quite as often as was necessary for the health of those in his company at the time. In other words Hank was a terror. Just "rile" him a little, and he would rise to the occasion, rise with both feet and fists, or, if it was a serious affair, pull out his gun and shoot as many as he could before the room was emptied — which happened on the instant, if the crowd knew Hank.

I had a great respect for Hank on account of these qualities and some others, and I considered myself very fortunate that in all the years of our acquaintance he had never punctured me. All the same, my knowledge of his character did not encourage me to state boldly to him that I wished to marry his daughter. To tell the truth, I didn't know how he might take it, but I had a shrewd suspicion that he might take it very badly.

This suspicion became almost a certainty when I cautiously led up to the subject one evening by inquiring as to whether or not he had anybody in mind as a husband for Mona. Hank in response showed all the symptoms of apoplexy, and swore, in a manner that allowed of no misunderstanding as to his meaning, that no man was half good enough for his daughter. Then he added:

"A gambler ruined her mother's life, and one of the profession shall never have the chance of ruining hers!"

This, as may be imagined, was a slap in the face to me, and, though I was perfectly willing to give up gambling for Mona's sake, the reception of my first suggestion by Hank

I courted her the best way I could.

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was so discouraging that I hadn't heart enough to mention the matter again to him.

Things were at this deadlock when luck came to my aid, and I need hardly add was assisted by a little dexterity on my part.

For want of pigeons to pluck, Hank and I were playing poker together one evening. We were playing after a fashion of our own, inasmuch as the regular game is monotonous when only two are engaged. Our method was to play straight from the five cards dealt to us, without any draw. In the course of this evening I made a discovery. The table on which we played had a square in the centre covered with green cloth. Round about the square was a border of wood some four inches wide. This appeared to be rosewood, but I discovered by accident, once when my cards rasped on the edge of the table, that it was only veneer, laid on over ordinary deal. This veneer had become loose in places, and next to me it was so separated from the deal as to make a perfect natural hold-out, wherein one could slip a dozen cards and have them safely out of sight, yet available by the simplest prestidigitation.

This discovery set me a-thinking. I had made it a rule when playing with Hank to play on the square, my reasons being the sharpness of his eyes and the quickness of his gun. But this natural hold-out offered to my use gave me an immense temptation to practise a little trickery on my old partner. Hank had been losing for an hour, and, following his disposition, the more he lost the more desperately he played, so that I had already won about five thousand dollars from him. In my opinion, this sum included practically all his ready cash.

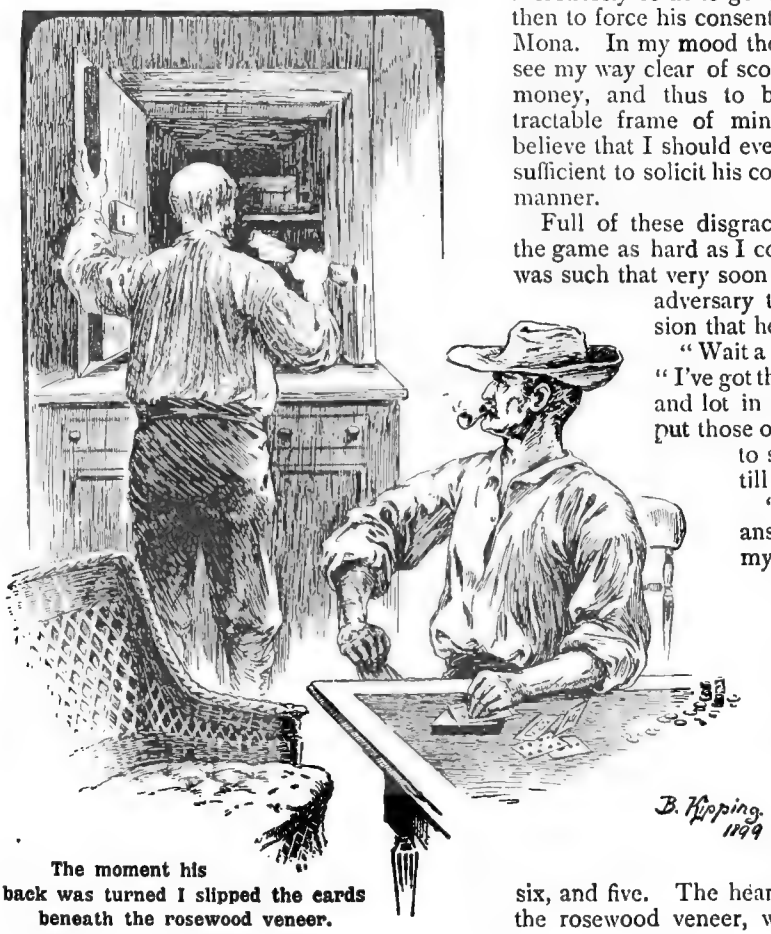
The temptation of which I have spoken was vague at first, but in a few minutes it had drawn other ideas to itself, and soon I was plotting deeply. The final effect was a scheme by which I purposed first to plunder Hank mercilessly so as to get him within my power, then to force his consent to my marriage with Mona. In my mood there and then I could see my way clear of scooping him of all his money, and thus to bringing him into a tractable frame of mind. I really did not believe that I should ever muster up courage sufficient to solicit his consent in the orthodox manner.

Full of these disgraceful plans, I pushed the game as hard as I could, and my success was such that very soon I had won from my adversary the reluctant confession that he was stone-broke.

"Wait a minute," cried Hank, "I've got the deeds to this house and lot in my safe, and I'll just put those on the table as security to stand against my bets till one of us is busted."

"As you please," I answered, for this suited my purpose exactly.

Hank got up from his place and went across the room to the safe. The moment his back was turned, I picked up the cards, and sorting them rapidly, picked out the four aces and a straight flush in hearts, the nine, eight, seven, six, and five. The hearts I slipped beneath the rosewood veneer, where they would be




**The moment his back was turned I slipped the cards beneath the rosewood veneer.**

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available for me, whensoever I should choose to take them; while the four aces I arranged alternately with four other cards, the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth of the eight, being the aces. These cards I held palmed in my right hand, after I had replaced the pack on the table. I completed these arrangements in about seven seconds, for quickness is the absolute essential of every gambler who depends at all on nefarious devices, as it is of a conjuror. When Hank returned with the title deeds, the cards were, apparently, as he had left them.

It was Hank's deal. He shuffled the cards fiercely, and when he had done mixing them, threw them on the table before me with a brief:

"Cut!"

I cut the cards with my left hand, and then with my right tapped them as if to even the edges. As I did so, I deftly deposited on the top of the deck the eight cards I had held concealed.

Hank picked up the pack, and dealt a card to me, then one to him, and so on, until five had been distributed to each of us. Thus he secured for himself the four aces, according to my arrangement.

I watched his face furtively to see what effect the hand might have on him, for it is the highest possible in the game with the single exception of the straight flush, and that straight flush reposed safely ready for my hand beneath the veneer.

Just then Mona entered the room, and went behind her father's chair. I saw her eyes sparkle as she noted her father's cards, for, as a gambler's daughter, she knew the value of the aces. A moment afterwards she came behind me.

I was tempted to drop my hand out of the girl's sight, for I realised on the instant that if she were to note the cards I held now, and afterwards were to see me throw down the straight flush I was holding out, she would know with certainty that I had resorted to trickery, that her father had been fleeced of his money. Yet a sudden strange impulse led me to leave my cards before her eyes, thus to afford her knowledge of my cheating. This, I thought in the idiotic fancy of the moment, would be a sure means whereby to discover whether or not she cared for me, since no daughter would be likely to stand quietly by and let her father be robbed unless she were particularly fond of the robber.

"I have got something pretty good here," Hank remarked, a voluminous satisfaction in his tones.

"So have I," I replied, without looking towards Mona. I knew the lie would astonish her, since Hank and I in our duets at the game rarely or never bluffed, but bet our hands for what they were scientifically worth.

"Well," remarked Hank, "I'll just drop in these deeds for the house and lot, and I wish I had a few blocks more to make it a sizable pot."

"All right," I replied, "what is the figure you set on this property?"

"Well," said Hank reflectively, "I paid two thousand dollars for it, but it's worth more, for that was two years ago, and the property all round is going up."

"How will three thousand suit you as a valuation?"

"That's fair enough."

I put three thousand in the pot against Hank's deeds. Then I questioned him.

"Sure you haven't anything else? I'd like to make a raise of about three thousand more, all I've got. I'm willing to stake the whole thing on this hand of mine. Sure you can't think of more property that's worth money, just to make the game interesting?"

Hank swore beneath his breath, as he confessed that all his available assets were on the table before us.

"It's a durned shame," he cried wrathfully, "that I can't get back the other three thousand I have lost, when I've got a clincher like this hand to do it with, for I tell you straight, Jim, I've got you beat."

"Well, just to keep the game going," I said, as nonchalantly as I could, though my heart jumped madly, "I have an idea that might help you out. I'll put in this other three thousand dollars here, provided you will, to make the pot even, give me the promise that, if you lose, you will give your consent to my marrying Mona."

Hank grew purple with rage, and I expected every instant to see his hand drop to his hip for his revolver.

"Ho, ho!" he roared, "so that's what you have been hanging round here for, after my girl! Didn't I tell you she should never marry a gambler?" and then he turned upon me a torrent of abuse that was very gratifying to me, since I hoped it would serve as an escape valve to his rage, and so save me from the hands of the coroner. When he stopped for lack of breath, rather than from any lack of ideas concerning his opinion of me, I said quietly:

"You are quite wrong, Hank, I have never said one word of love to Mona."

I did not add that the reason for this

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silence on my part was not respect for Hank's paternal authority, but my own confounded embarrassment whenever I found myself in the presence of that sweet girl. Then I continued:

"Never you mind about your unwillingness to have Mona marry a gambler, for I give you my word that, if you lose and Mona is willing to stand by the bargain, I'll never touch a card for money again."

Just then Mona entered the room and went behind her father's chair.

These timely remarks of mine seemed to soothe Hank's surging feelings, and he spoke more temperately:

"Well, you ain't so bad, for you are a good sort, Jim; and barring the fact that you are a gambler, I wouldn't mind my girl being given into your keeping—but let's hear what the girl herself has to say." He turned to Mona. "What do you say, Mona? Shall I make the bet or not? Sure enough I've got him beat, but I hold it's poor poker to make a bet you can't pay if you lose, just because you think you are sure to win. So what do you say? Are you willing that I should wager you on this hand?"

"You must remember, father," Mona replied, "that I have seen both your hands."

"Never mind about that; you must look at it in just the way that I do, and agree to pay the bet if I lose."

Mona laughed, and tossed her head scornfully.

"Oh, well," she exclaimed, "go ahead and make the bet. I'm willing."

Even as she spoke, and while her father's eyes were on her, with my left hand I drew from beneath the veneer my straight flush in hearts, and at the same instant dropped the cards Hank had dealt to me on the top of the deck which was lying on the table, as I pushed it a little to one side.

As Hank turned to me, I said:

"So it is settled, is it? All that I have won against your consent?"

"Yes," shouted Hank, "and I have got you beat. Show down."

He threw his cards on the table, proudly displaying the four aces on which he relied.

"What have you got?"

I laid down my hand of hearts, and turned my eyes on Mona, who was regarding the four aces triumphantly. Then, in a moment, her father's silence caused her to look towards the cards I had displayed. I saw her start with amazement:

"Why, but those are——"

She paused abruptly, and her look met mine. I returned her stare stedfastly for a long minute, and then I said:

"Well, Mona, you see the hands. Your father has lost, and I have won; are you content?"

This, at last, was my declaration of love, certainly as curiously made as any in the history of man and woman, made boldly now at last, for here the game of cards and the game of hearts seemed so inextricably intermingled, that the courage I always possessed for the one was now given as well to the other. So I looked the girl boldly in the face, and waited for her to decide whether she would live out her life alongside of me, or whether she would denounce me to her father as a rogue who had swindled him out

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of his money and promise. A moment longer we looked into each other's eyes, and then Mona laughed, as she said:

"Oh, well, you seem to have the best hand."

With that she ran out of the room, and after she had gone I told old Hank that I had no wish to keep the other winnings, that his consent and that of Mona were enough of profit for one evening, and that I should insist on his retaining his money, and his title deeds. This cheered Hank immensely, and soon his only thought was one of profound amazement over the extraordinary chance by which the highest two hands possible in the game had become opposed to one another.

Yes, I married Mona, and if ever a man's wife was a blessing, she has been the blessing of my life. I never touched a card again, but became respectable, and prospered at it better than I had ever prospered as a scamp. However, I never told old Hank the truth about that game. I always intended to, but I kept putting it off. I was waiting until he should get to an age when his temper was not quite so lively, and his gun should be put aside, but the old fellow, though he passed away in his bed, even in his last sickness kept his revolver handy under the pillow. So he died without knowing the truth.

# A SACRED COW WITH SIX LEGS.

THE "Cult of the Cow" in India, so far from being on the decrease, as some suggest, appears to be securing a fresh lease of life. In fact the cow, inoffensive and useful creature as it may seem in Europe, is at the bottom of most of the difficulties which the British officials have with the native Hindus.

The smaller beast shown in our photograph is an animal held in the greatest reverence by thousands of natives in the Central Provinces. In addition to the regulation four legs, it has growing from its chest two other perfect legs, which, however, do not rest upon the ground.

This creature is not under the necessity of walking about like an ordinary every-day animal, but is carried from place to place in a native cart. Wherever it stops the people gather round and press forward to touch its superfluous legs, a privilege for which they are ever ready to pay the owner a small coin. The touching, they believe, is sure to bring them luck.

Photo by M. R. Murray.

**A six-legged cow.**

Two extra legs shaped like hind-legs project from the chest. The animal is carted round to the various villages and exhibited.



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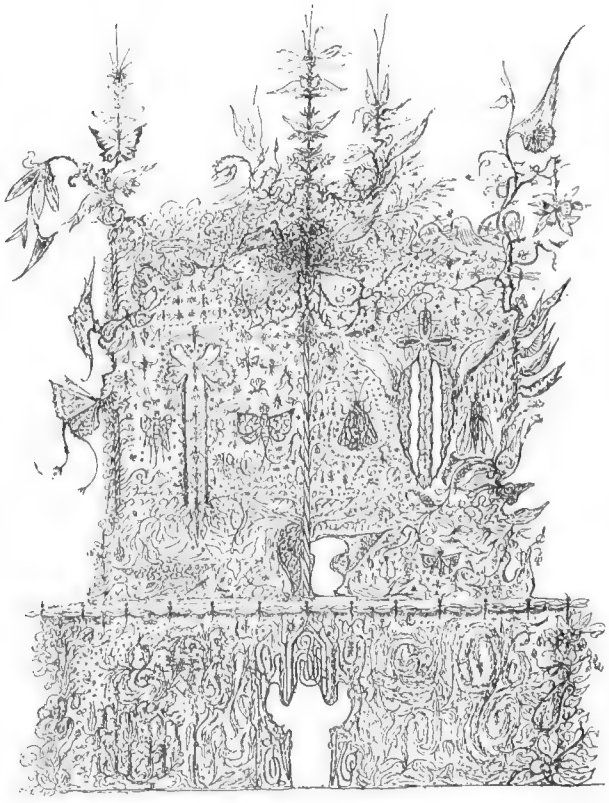
# THE STRANGE FREAK OF A GREAT MAN

By Tiburce Beaugeard.

M. Victorien Sardou, whose "Robespierre" at the Lyceum is certainly the most important theatrical event of the year, is perhaps the greatest, and, without doubt, the most successful living playwright. Originally intended for a doctor, he drifted into literature, and it was only after years of desperate failure and poverty that he scored his first triumph. "Les Pattes de Mouche" was played in 1860 with immense success, and since then almost every work M. Sardou has produced has secured world-wide fame, and brought its author greater wealth than any man has ever earned by his pen.

Now it is the custom and special privilege of celebrities to indulge in hobbies and eccentricities, such as Mr. Gladstone's tree-felling, the late Rosa Bonheur's male attire, Madame Bernhardt's private menagerie; and M. Sardou's peculiarity—it can scarcely be called a hobby—is spiritualism of a weird and wonderful nature. Like Victor Hugo, Theophile Gautier, and Dumas the younger, the author of "Robespierre" has declared that he, too, has occasionally fallen under the mystic spell of some extraordinary psychic influence, which contemporary science has not yet been able to account for.



"The House of Swedenborg." Drawn by M. Sardou under medianimic influence.

The subject, it will be remembered, gave M. Sardou an opportunity of producing, a couple of years ago, at the Paris Renaissance, a play called "Spiritisme," in which Madame Bernhardt impersonated, with almost supernatural power, the part of the hypnotised woman, Simone d'Aubenas. "Spiritisme" gave rise to a great deal of controversy. The author, being challenged,

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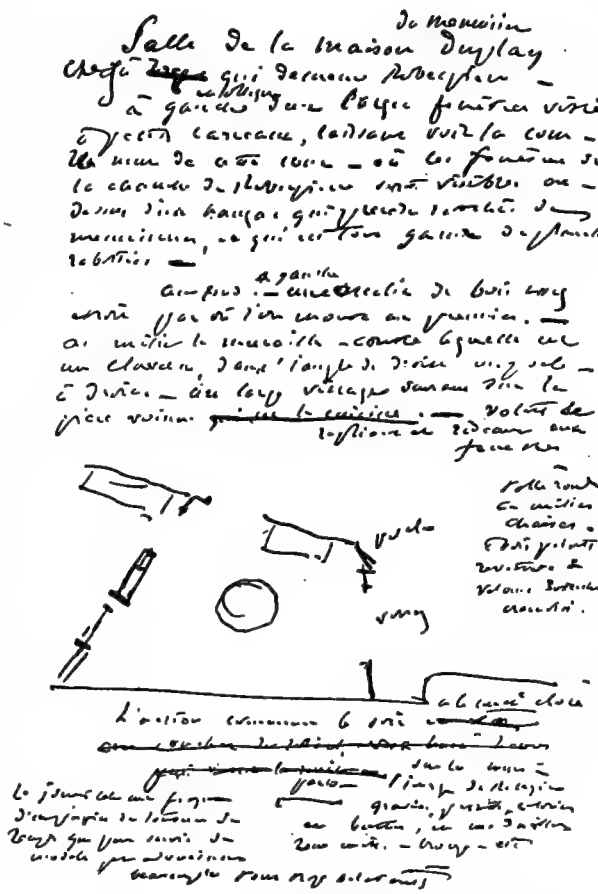
pointed out that he had neither the wish nor the intention of forcing any theory of his, spiritistic or otherwise, upon the public. He had simply put on the stage, without even commenting upon them, certain manifestations which, however strange they appeared, he was conscious of having himself seen or felt, unless he were to disbelieve the testimony of his own senses.

The curious sketches reproduced here, the Houses of Mozart and Swedenborg, are specimens of those mysterious manifestations alluded to by M. Sardou. They were designed by him, many years ago, under some uncontrollable psychic impulse, at a time when he knew little or nothing of drawing.

It was after a conversation on spiritualism he had one evening at Chatou, near Paris, with a friend of his, Baron de Pothey, that the author of "Robespierre" made what he calls his first medianimic sketch. "Your mediumistic powers," Baron de Pothey had said to M. Sardou, "will perhaps manifest themselves by means of writing or drawing. Try."



A facsimile page of M. Sardou's great drama, "Robespierre." The rough sketch shows how the furniture is to be placed in one of the most famous scenes.

The dramatist, sceptic but curious, had determined to make, that very evening, the experiment suggested by his friend. On his return home he sat at his desk, pen in hand, with a sheet of blank paper before him. After a lapse of a few minutes, he felt a kind of numbness in his hand, as if it were wrapped in an invisible warm coating of extreme softness. The pen gradually began to move, tracing a number of strokes at random, and then stopped. M. Sardou looked at the ill-formed lines.

"Decidedly, they are meaningless," he thought disappointed, and immediately prepared to go to bed.

He took a candle from the mantelpiece, and came back to light it at the lamp standing on his desk. Casting a glance mechanically on the paper, he was surprised to notice that the apparently ill-formed lines, when seen upside down, represented the head of a devil.

"Oh, that's certainly peculiar!" the dramatist exclaimed. Then, with a shrug of the shoulder, he added, "It can't be. It's merely the effect of my over-excited imagination." And he thought no more of the drawing, and went to bed.

On the following morning, however, curiosity, naturally enough, impelled him to look again at the drawing in broad daylight. There was no mistaking it. Here was the Prince of Darkness, with the traditional horns, delineated on the paper.

M. Sardou then and there attempted a fresh experiment. This time his pen began to move almost immediately. It ran lightly over the paper, tracing innumerable intricate lines, the dramatist's hand enveloped all the while, as before, in a kind of soft, impalpable coating, and his mind in a semi-ecstatic state. The pen again ceased moving suddenly, as if by itself. The dramatist looked at the design and remained dumbfounded at its wonderful delicate curves and arabesques, its strange,

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harmonious, and undoubtedly symbolical structure.

"What can it mean?" he mentally inquired.

Even as the thought, came the answer, and Sardou appended, in a kind of trance, the following title to the drawing he had just finished:

"House of Bernard Palissy."

The author of "Robespierre" had now for the first time the unmistakable proof that he was gifted with mediumistic faculties. He repeated the experiment, and designed successively the Houses of Zoroaster, of Elijah the Prophet, of Swedenborg, and of Mozart, the last two being the most typical examples of medianimic sketches he ever did, for, strange to say, the celebrated dramatist has for some considerable time past lost the faculty of being thus inspired by the mysterious Power.

"I have also learnt, through spirit-writing," he once confessed to Monsieur Jules Claretie, the well-known manager of the *Comédie Française*, "that the houses I had designed were situated in the planet Jupiter. If you inquire whether I believe they really exist there, you may as well ask me whether I am sure Gulliver believed in the existence of Lilliput, Campanella in the City of the Sun, and Thomas More in Utopia. One thing I am certain of. It is that these drawings are from my own hand, and that they were designed, each of them, in a comparatively short space of time, some being completed in less than a couple of hours. I shall not offer any explanation concerning their origin, but as regards the bare question of the fact of my having done them under the influence of some occult power, no possible doubt can exist in my mind."

The medianimic sketches, reproduced here, were designed by the French dramatist, a considerable number of years ago, at the time when our first portrait of him was taken and he was ignorant of the rudiments of drawing. Since that time, M. Sardou has occasionally done some amateur work in black and white, the latest specimen of which is the design on the cover of the "Robespierre" novel, recently published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. The sketch representing the Incorruptible's last tragic stand in the Convention Hall, was specially drawn by the popular playwright, as a token of his long-standing friendship for M. Ange Galdemar, the brilliant author of the historical romance adapted from the Lyceum play.

M. Sardou's latest portrait. The figure at the back is M. Ange Galdemar, who has novelised "Robespierre."

Sardou had for some time been trying to illustrate a few of the most remarkable and picturesque incidents described in the book. His first intention was to make a sketch of Robespierre in private life; to depict the Incorruptible either taking part in a family gathering at the Duplays, or bidding farewell to his supposed mistress, Cornelie, on the morning of the Feast of the Supreme Being. He decided, however, after some hesitation, to show him, as in the present design, vainly struggling in the tribune at the Convention to save his head from the guillotine.

It is curious to note that this taste for drawing and sketching developed itself in the author of "Robespierre" almost simultaneously with his taste for playwriting. This is, however, but natural; for in order to be as minutely accurate, as he is well known to be in the reconstruction of historical scenes, he had many a time to make sketches, in the first instance, of the tableaux that were to be reproduced afterwards on the stage. One of the finest specimens of these is to be seen in the famous Coquelin's private box, at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre, Paris. It represents a scene from "La Haine," whose plot is laid in mediæval Italy, at the time of the sanguinary conflict between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines.

Again, for the purposes of conveying in a precise manner the directions concerning the mounting of his plays, M. Sardou very often delineates roughly on his manuscript the topography of the scenery, and the place to be assigned to each personage respectively, on the stage boards. Thus the accompanying

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This well-executed drawing by the great dramatist shows Robespierre vainly struggling in the tribune to save his head from the guillotine.

autograph, taken from the scenario itself of "Robespierre" is meant to indicate how the furniture in the Duplays' drawing-room had to be arranged on the boards of the Lyceum, during the cross-examination scene between the Incorruptible and his son. M. Sardou sent also to Sir Henry Irving a diagram specially prepared by himself, showing the various evolutions of the gliding ghosts in the famous hallucination scene of the same play.

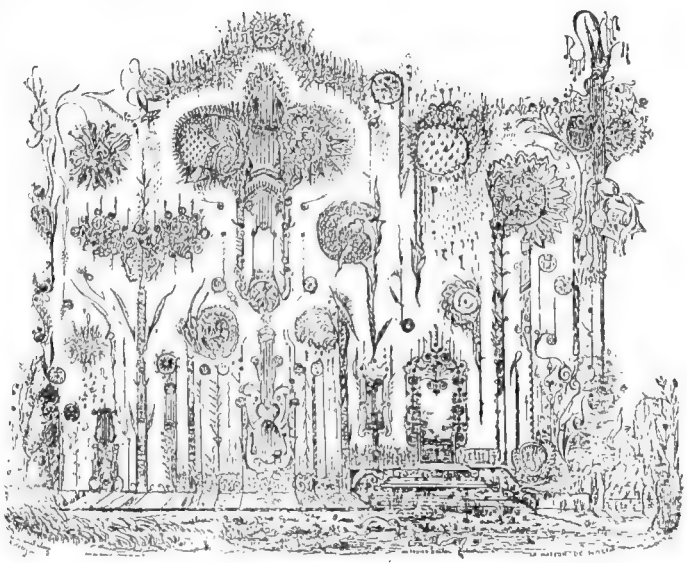
While collaborating with his friend, M. Ange Galdemar, in the novelisation of "Robespierre," the great dramatist once more betrayed his love for designing in a most unexpected and delightful manner. After unfolding to the novelist, with his characteristic picturesqueness, the plot of the play, M. Sardou would sit by his collaborator's side, and make some rapid and curiously effective sketches of the different scenes and places connected with the story of "Robespierre." He would sometimes, in a few pencil strokes, draw either the Conciergerie Prison as it stood during the Terror, or Clarisse's apartment in the Rue du Martroy, or the guillotine erected with the hideous cross-bars on the Place de la Révolution.

"M. Sardou's versatility is truly wonderful!" M. Ange Galdemar once said to me. "He is, at one and the same time, a playwright—comic as well as tragic—an actor, a painter, a musician, an archæologist, and a historian."

Are we not entitled, now, to add to these multitudinous and varied gifts of the author of "Robespierre" that of being a draughtsman of no little skill, and an *inspired* one to boot?

M. Sardou, as a glance at his portrait will show, is very like Dante in point of physiognomy—like Voltaire too, some people declare, though personally I fail to see any resemblance. Strange to say, however, he agrees with the great French philosopher in the latter's dictum on the greatest dramatist of all time—Shakespeare. Not that M. Sardou thinks Shakespeare a "drunken savage"; but he fails to see our national bard's superlative greatness.

M. Sardou is the best and truest of friends, but a very good hater, so his enemies say. He is, moreover, famous for his kindliness and charity. Having known the tribulations of authorship, and gone through an unusually bitter struggle in his youth, he is always eager and ready to help and advise his less fortunate *confrères*.



"The House of Mozart" in the planet Jupiter. A typical example of M. Sardou's medianimic sketches.

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# A Misunderstanding.

*From the Finnish of Karl Tavaststjerna.*

By Alys Hallard.

In the midst of the most silent and peaceful of countries, in that tranquility which only a small town enjoying the privileges of self-government and its own college can know, Saint Michael rises above the shore of the Sund, and is surrounded by its sandy plains. Towards evening, descending the hill near the lighthouse on the western side of the town, could be heard the slow strains of a brass instrument, which sounded like the solo of a pastoral symphony.

Soon after came the cattle with their tinkling bells returning from the grazing, and behind them the little shepherd boys, with their trousers tucked up, showing their dusty, sunburnt legs. The milkmaids hurried forward to meet the cattle, and each one led off her special cow until finally only the last two of them were in sight, and they were standing in the large square browsing some tufts of grass to chew while they were being milked.

At the military prison, which was situated at the southern extremity of the town, the prisoners' names were being called over, as was the custom every evening, and the sentinels were just relieving guard.

There was a clanking of chains heard and the password was given amongst the soldiers. On one side the yellow-looking prison with its high walls was surrounded

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with thick elm trees, whilst on the opposite side, facing the square where the grass all brown and withered from want of water came struggling up here and there through the sand, the building had a threatening look with its massive gates and door.

Farther on in the wide road leading to the sandy plain, and just at the entrance to the town, were the barracks—a long, low, wooden construction—where the Cossacks were quartered. Within, the soldiers were singing in their melancholy way, about their vast steppes and their wild, daring rides on their swift steeds. Their singing could be heard in the town, and the inhabitants always said when they heard it, "We shall have rain. The Cossacks are singing!"

On the upper floor of the north-west side of the prison, in the cell kept apart for those who were imprisoned for debt, Heikki Hyttonen was standing near the window. The red glow was just disappearing from the sky, and he was enjoying a breath of fresh air, for prisoners of this category were not treated with much severity. They were evidently not considered to be dangerous criminals, for the window by which he was philosophising was half open. The following day his time would be up, and he could go back to his little farm at Pieksamaki. He felt sure that his wife and his eldest son would have managed to keep things together, and, after all, was it not just the same as though he had been away working somewhere else by the day?

Was it not exactly the same thing? To-morrow he would have finished paying his penalty, and he was delighted at the very thought of that. A queer way, he said to himself, to pay a debt, but, after all, that was the landlord's business, and no affairs of his.

Hereupon he stretched his stiff limbs.

Yes, he would very soon be at home now, with the sickle in his hands, in the large meadow which surrounded his thatched cottage. Yes, the hay would not have been cut there yet.

It was the first time since his imprisonment that he had allowed himself to think about being free again.

Of what use would it have been to have thought about it all before?

But now it was different, and with the idea of his approaching liberty sprang up within him a desire which tortured him. It was a longing for some tobacco! Ever since he had been in prison he had not even smelt any

**Each one led off her special cow.**

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tobacco. This had, in fact, been the most terrible to him of all his privations. And now, as his thoughts began to wander towards home, and as he thought of his wife and of his six children he could see himself more and more distinctly, after supper, standing at the door of the cottage—smoking.

More and more distinct the vision grew, and he could see the tobacco smouldering in his well-worn pipe, and the smoke carried away by the almost imperceptible breeze and being wafted away in blueish whiffs over the roof of the stable. The vision of all this was so clear that it made his mouth water and his lips began to tremble with excitement.

When the sentinels next relieved guard, it was Ivan Kusnakow who took his turn at the north-west side of the prison in front of the sentry's box. As long as the patrol kept coming Ivan walked up and down forty steps each way in front of his box with exemplary exactitude, his light gun over his shoulder; but as soon as the signal gun for the night duty had been fired five times, and the last flash had died away below the setting sun, the new sentinel placed his gun against the wall, unbuckled his belt, and taking a seat inside his box stretched his legs out as far as they would go.

He did not consider it a very enviable thing to be a Cossack; and in a low gruff voice he began to hum one of the national tunes, which his comrades sung at the barracks, whilst his thoughts wandered away to a vast plain through which flowed a greyish-yellow stream, heavy and slow, but so gentle and so familiar, and so well-known to him, as, indeed, only a river in one's own mother-country can be known.

Three years before, when Ivan was eighteen, he had left the banks of the Don for the garrison of Saint Michael in this foreign country, and during these three years he had learnt to swear in the language of the country to which he had come, but that was all of the language that he had picked up.

A soldier's life here was not a hard one, as he had only to mount guard in front of the prison, and then from time to time there had been manœuvres, and occasionally some horse exercise.

But although Ivan had had no cause to complain, his blood would often boil with impatience, particularly during the long solitary hours, when at the regimentary pace he was mounting guard in front of the sentry box, whilst the splendid light of the northern nights seemed to wrap the little town in profound silence.

During these calm nights, when everything was so still that not even a leaf stirred, and

Within the soldiers were singing in their melancholy way.

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when he dared not close his eyes without running the risk of the most severe punishment, a longing for liberty took possession of him to such a degree that he felt he would sacrifice anything if only he could have some break in the monotony, some adventure of any kind.

On this particular evening it was as though he had some kind of presentiment, for he looked round cautiously on every side.

If only one of the prisoners would escape, that at least would break the monotony, but alas! after looking well round he could discover nothing out of the ordinary way; and so, crossing his legs, he pulled a tobacco pouch out of his pocket aud lighted his pipe.

The Sund, with trees on each side and its surface as smooth as glass, was sleeping under its blanket of water-lilies.

There was not a sound to be heard anywhere.

Ivan leaned back in his sentry-box and in the midst of the silence he blew the tobacco smoke up into the air and watched it rise, for there was not even a breath of wind to break it up. As he glanced around, he felt oppressed by the narrowness of the horizon; it seemed as though it would stifle him, and he remembered so well another horizon far away from here, very far away, and that other horizon was bounded by undulating lines—he was thinking of the infinite space of the *steppes*.

Just at this moment Heikki Hyttonen, who was still at the window up above, started with surprise. He could smell tobacco, but could not imagine from whence it was coming. Very cautiously he opened the window wide, and putting his rough grey-bearded face out he glanced curiously round on every side, but could not see anyone smoking. The Cossack in his sentry box now got up, and by way of diversion, picked up his gun, and then in a drawling tone called out the watchword, "Sluscha-a-a!"

"Sluscha!" came back the reply from the four sentry boxes at the four corners of the prison boundaries.

Inside the barracks, the Captain on hearing the voices of his men at their posts, turned round peacefully in his bed and went to sleep again, whilst the prisoners in their cells, or at least those who had only just been brought there, started from their confused dreams, their chains clanking, and the jailer stopped in his round to peep through the grating of the cells to see that all was right.

Heikki Hyttonen opened his mouth, and his whole face broke into a broad good-tempered grin, which expressed the greatest love for his neighbour, and the most benevolent sentiments which have perhaps even been known to be shut up between four walls.

He pushed his head out of the window as far as he could, and speaking in a tone as though he were in league with the Cossack, he said in Finnish, "I say, brother, give a bit of your tobacco to a poor old fellow whose only wish is to have some fresh air."

At the sound of this voice, the Cossack in his astonishment looked up, and on seeing the prisoner, made a sign to him angrily to take his head in. The orders given to the sentinels as regarded prisoners were very strict and inflexible, and indeed between prisoners and their guards the only way in which difficulties were solved, was——by the gun.

When the old man saw the sentinel with a pipe in his mouth, however, he could not contain himself for joy.

"Why, it is you smoking, is it!" he exclaimed. "I'll tell you what. I'll give you back three times the tobacco that you let me have to-night."

"Perkele!" shouted the Cossack in his best Finnish, and threatening the prisoner with his fist at the same time.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the old man in astonishment. I am not a thief—my landlord has had me locked up for the sake of twenty marks that I owed him; but I will send you back the tobacco as soon as ever I am free—to-morrow."

The Cossack hesitated, not knowing what to do, as he could not understand a word, and Heikki Hyttonen continued:

"I say, I don't ask you for much, but just a pinch, enough to have a whiff."

"Perkele!" shouted Ivan again, lifting his gun.

"Good heavens, how you do swear to be sure! I am doing no harm. Stop, I say, you are not going to shoot a man down for nothing are you? I am Heikki Hyttonen of Pieksamaki."

The Cossack still did not understand a word, and although he was convinced from the old man's looks and manner that he was no great criminal, still he was annoyed at the prisoner's perseverance and obstinacy.

It was strictly forbidden to hold any conversation whatever with the prisoners, and if he had been seen he could count on getting twenty-four hours' imprisonment himself, not to speak of any further sentence which his

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captain might see fit to inflict on him. Ivan knew his captain only too well, and he made one last attempt with the prisoner. He put down his gun, and waved his arms about as though he were driving a cow, calling out at the same time, "Perkele! Perkele! Perkele!"

It was all in vain, though, for the comic gestures of the Cossack only amused the old peasant extremely.

"What a queer figure you cut!" he said, laughing. "First you threaten me with your gun, and then you yell out like an idiot, and all instead of just giving me a pinch of tobacco."

Ivan picked up his gun again.

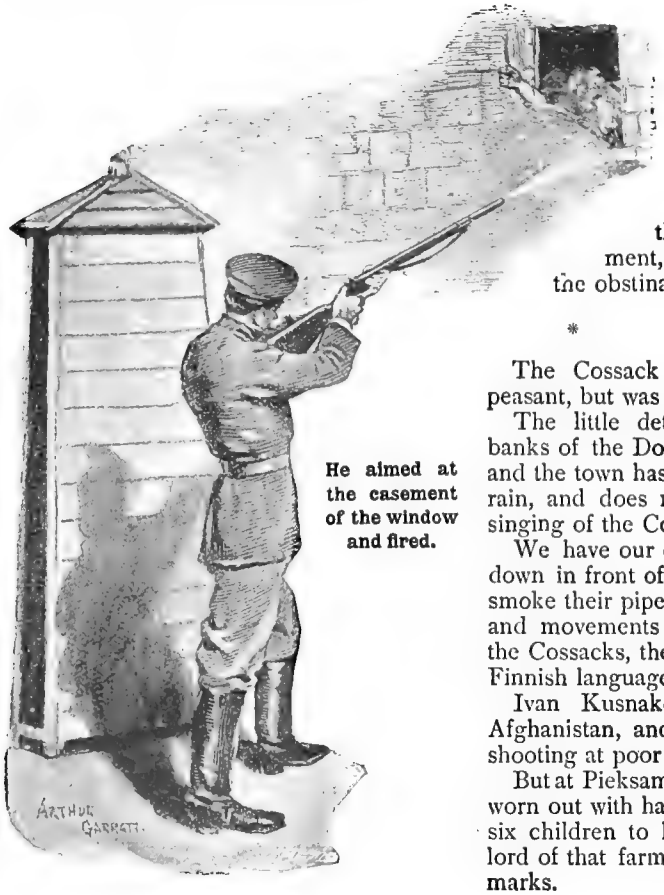
"Ah! you are going to begin that again, are you? No, I say, stop playing with that gun! What do you say? No, I am neither a thief nor a murderer. I am Heikki Hyttonen, from——"

Heikki Hyttonen suddenly stopped speaking.

The Cossack losing all patience had told him for the last time in Russian to take his head in, and then, as the old man was obstinate, he had aimed at the casement of the window and fired just to give him a lesson.

Heikki Hyttonen, with the name of his village on his lips, staggered, stretched his arms out and fell down backwards without uttering a cry.

The bullet had only grazed the corner of the window casement, and had then lodged itself in the obstinate, Finnish brain of Heikki.




**He aimed at the casement of the window and fired.**

* * * *

The Cossack was tried for killing the poor peasant, but was acquitted.

The little detachment of soldiers from the banks of the Don has long left Saint Michael, and the town has now other ways of prophesying rain, and does not depend on the melancholy singing of the Cossacks.

We have our own men now to pace up and down in front of the prison sentry-boxes and to smoke their pipes stealthily, and if their gestures and movements are wanting in the vivacity of the Cossacks, they do at any rate understand the Finnish language better.

Ivan Kusnakow has been transferred to Afghanistan, and has no opportunities now of shooting at poor old Finnish peasants.

But at Pieksamaki a pale, wan-looking woman, worn out with hard work, was obliged with her six children to leave her farm—and the landlord of that farm has never received his twenty marks.

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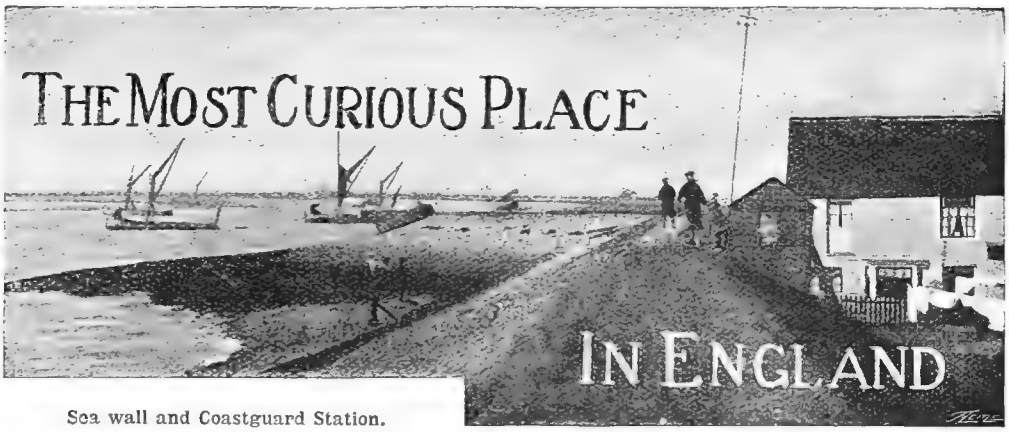
# THE MOST CURIOUS PLACE IN ENGLAND



Sea wall and Coastguard Station.

By A. Goodrich.

*Photos by C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.*

Londoners may be divided into two classes, those who know Canvey, what, and where it is, and those who do not. The latter constitute by far the larger proportion of the community, and include such topographical authorities as messenger boys, telegraph clerks, and postal officials.

One extremely well-crammed urchin, to whom I addressed myself, thought it was in the Grecian Archipelago; a telegraph clerk on the day I visited Canvey "opined" that it might be in the Hebrides, whilst the General Post Office once located it in the Atlantic Ocean.

A letter was addressed to the Vicar of Canvey. The authorities, not knowing the place and misled by the foreign sound of the name, sent it to the Canary Islands.

This is strange, for Canvey is not far from St. Martin's-le-Grand Access to it can be obtained by the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway. It lies in the Thames, off Benfleet, in Essex, almost opposite to the point where the Medway flows into the great metropolitan river, and can be reached from London for less than two shillings.

What makes this ignorance of Canvey so remarkable is that whereas Great Britain is always an island Canvey is not. It is an island when the tide is up, but a peninsular when it is down. In fact, it would be *non est* at high water but for a wall running all the way round, which came to be built in the following manner.

**Canvey a Peninsula**

In the year 1621 the sea had obtained such a mastery over the lands of Benfleet that Sir Henry Appleton, a principal owner, with others interested in the soil, summoned to their councils one Joas

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**An old Dutch Cottage.**

Crappenburgh, a celebrated Dutch dyke-maker. On condition that the coast was secured against any future inroads of the sea they agreed to make over to this worthy and his mates one-third, in fee simple, of all the land they rescued. Crappenburgh then sent for a number of his countrymen versed in this class of work, and selecting a huge slice of the most exposed portion of the shore, dug a creek, and detached it from the mainland. To secure this newly-made island from any further ravages of the ocean Crappenburgh then encircled it with a wall twenty-two miles long, which for 250 years successfully defied all the efforts of wind and wave, which at this point know how to assert themselves.

At last, in 1881, a terrific storm arose, and the greedy ocean, which had never forgiven the work of its human foes, managed after a desperate struggle to effect an entrance, and did not desist till it had shorn Canvey of some eight miles of territory. Still, the Dutchmen did their work well, although many portions of the wall are now exhibiting all the infirmities inseparable from old age.

But the geographical peculiarities of Canvey are not yet exhausted. Some of them are so oddly un-English that the visitor, after successfully threading his way across the planking which constitutes the highway at low water, could easily imagine himself in Holland. In truth, Canvey is so Dutchlike in appearance that it might be described as a Dutch appendage of the British Crown.

It is quite flat, the roads are higher than the land through which they pass, there are deep ditches on either side, dykes abound and trees do not. Although it cannot be said that Dutch people are to be found on the island, the round faces, the square heavy figures, and the phlegmatic temperament of the inhabitants show that Dutch characteristics abound even if names do not.

This is to be attributed to that process of evolution which has metamorphosed De Wilde into Savage, Van de Welde, a great Dutch patronymic, into Field, and so on. The remaining evidence of the Dutch occupation are to be found in the few Dutch houses which have contrived to survive the vicissitudes of time.

They are so small that they look for all the world as if they had been taken from a child's toy box and dropped down on the soil. The church, too, is another quaint structure. It is entirely destitute of ornament and made of wood. The soil of Canvey not being suitable for brick-making,

**The Well of Canvey.**

Google

houses in Canvey are built of timber. There is one called Brick House from the fact of its being made partly of wood and partly of brick.

No name has as yet been given to the capital of Canvey, a little hamlet comprising fourteen houses, the principal of which is the parsonage. The most interesting feature of the village is the well, which is 312ft. deep. Previous to its being sunk, the inhabitants drank dyke water, which so vexed the soul of the worthy vicar, that he addressed himself to the Corporation of London, who, by a donation of fifty guineas, so woke into activity the dormant philanthropy of the surrounding districts, that the money was soon subscribed. The high, pointed, thatched roof was designed by that talented artist, Mr. Clement Skilbeck, and is, as it should be, Dutch in character.

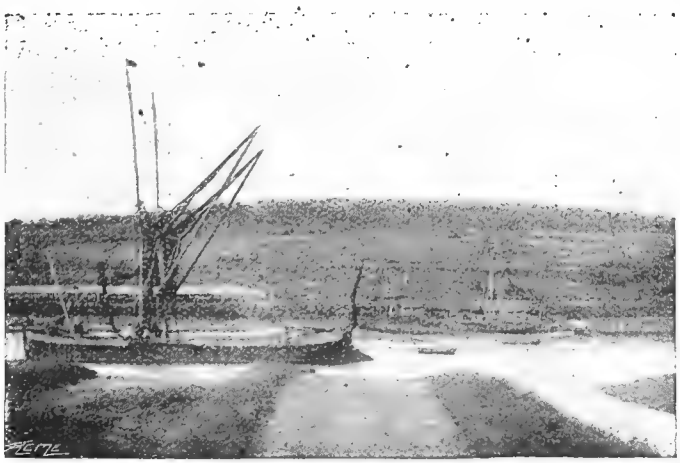
**The Pillar Box.**

The stir and bustle of the great Metropolis has not yet penetrated Canvey. There are no telegraph wires in the island, and the liliputian pillar box near the "Lobster Smack" is only cleared once a day. Canvey is so completely out of the world that itinerant minstrels know it not, and to the musicians of Saffron Hill the place is an unknown land. The feverishness of youth born of bright hopes and bitter disappointments might find in Canvey a Slough of Despond, but for those who would exchange the storm and stress of every-day life for a tranquil environment there are few places which can boast the attractions of Canvey.

If you want a bath, climb the sea wall. The orthodox machine is absent but the water is salt and clear, and whilst disporting yourself in the briny, your modesty is not shocked by opera glasses being levelled at you.

You are in need of repose. Well, although Canvey would make one of the healthiest pleasure resorts in the world, its north coast being three miles from the shore, and steeped in an atmosphere heavily laden with ozone, there is at present no asphalte promenade, no mammoth hotel, and no pier crowded with visitors. Flys and wagonettes are unknown, lodgings are scarce, there are no beach performers, no bath chairs for invalids, and the nearest band plays at Southend. Not to mince matters Canvey is the quietest spot near London.

The capital boasts a few trees, so it may be presumed that the island is not quite destitute of birds, and the vicar says there is a rookery. There may be, but the occupants must partake of the Dutch temperament, for they do not overwork their vocal organs. In a word Canvey is throbless, noiseless, and serene. The people, true to the traditions of their ancestors, talk slowly, walk slowly, and think slowly. They are civil to the stray Londoner who



**Canvey as an Island.**

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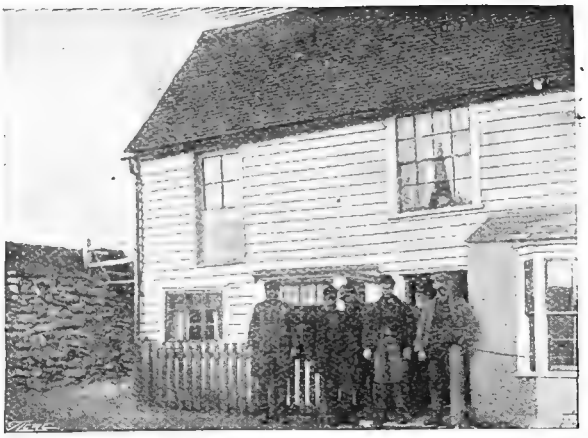
happens to find them out, but they do not gush over him. Why should they? London has not thought fit to discover Canvey, so why should Canvey trouble itself about London? And it does not. England is regarded as a distant country, so much so indeed that even if the Empire went to war, Canvey might be relied on by our foes to remain sternly neutral.

As the inhabitants seldom leave the island, the ignorance which prevails on all matters concerning the great metropolis is not so astounding as it seems, for with people so circumstanced, belief is strictly limited by experience. A Canvey lady recently, in conversation with the Vicar, utterly refused to believe that London was larger than Gravesend. And very naturally, for Gravesend was the largest town she had ever seen.



The "Lobster Smack."

Still, although Canvey cares nothing for the mainland, it speaks our language with additions of its own. Thus, with them "timid" does duty for "fragile," and were they to ask a visitor to look at their cabbages, they would say, "Come and see my 'sauce.'" "Bangy" weather is applied to seasons when it is rainy, and if it is not a "fine" day, they will tell you it is a "coarse" one.

Belief in the unreal and wonderful dies so slowly in districts removed from civilisation and lamp-posts, that no surprise will be felt on learning that Canveyites are superstitious. It is an article of belief that at dusk the island is invaded by spirit horses, that gallop wildly about till midnight. No one avers that these spectral steeds are visible, but numbers declare that they hear the sounds of hoofs, and feel the wind of them as they career along.

It is difficult to obtain the number of houses in Canvey believed to be haunted; one thing is certain that Canvey ghosts show little regard for the feelings of mortals. One visitant proved so objectionable that the owner, to get rid of it, recently pulled down his house and rebuilt it.

There are no bakers' nor butchers' shops on the island. Some months since the little community was stirred to its profoundest depths by the announcement that a butcher's shop had been opened on the mainland some miles away, but the enthusiasm soon waned.

The nearest doctor lives seven miles off. The people of Canvey, well, I won't say they never die, because such a statement would probably treble the population in twenty-four hours; but they are seldom ill. On the last occasion that the aforesaid medical man was sent for, he took so long in coming that when at last he did arrive, the patient had recovered. The worthy man being naturally greatly incensed, declared he would never go to Canvey again.

The islanders pondered long over this threat. There had been a time when ague and malaria fairly rioted in Canvey, but that was before the advent of gutters and sluices, so they smiled demurely at the doctor and said, as is their way, "nuffin."

Yet for all their seeming innocence, smuggling, it is to be feared, would be very prevalent but for the presence of the coastguard, comprising a chief officer, chief boats-

The Haunted House of Canvey.

Google

man, and six men.

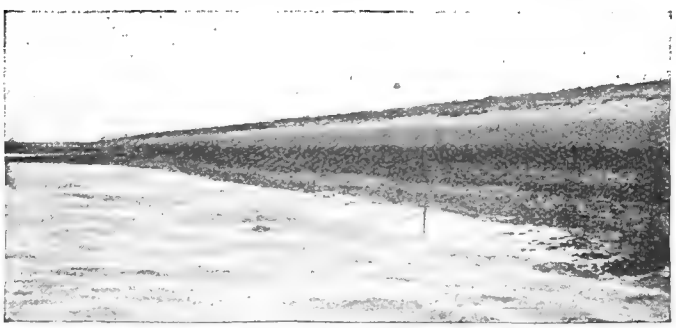
Before the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Hayes on the island only twenty sermons a year were delivered in the predecessor of the present little wooden church. During that time it came to the ears of the authorities that vast quantities of spirits and tobacco were being smuggled into the island, and every house was searched without avail. The secret was unearthed at last, the hiding-place being the church.

The Bar Parlour.

Mr. Hayes looked profoundly shocked when I expressed a hope that all the Schiedam drunk in Canvey paid duty. His flock, he was careful to explain, were neither smugglers nor wreckers. But the good pastor being nothing if not ingenuous, admitted that on leaving home one morning to go his rounds, he noticed everyone he met eating oranges.

When the entire population of an island numbering 300 souls gives itself over for several days to the consumption of oranges, the chilling pangs of suspicion are likely to obtrude. A few questions elicited the fact that two nights before a vessel with a cargo of oranges had gone to pieces on the bank and been deserted by the crew, leaving the cargo to be annexed by the islanders.

"I read them a severe lecture on the subject," said he Vicar, "but, to be candid, I am afraid the discourse was a failure. No more oranges were eaten in my presence, but I noticed pockets for several days after had a decidedly bulgy appearance."



Dead Man's Point.

Some few years since the cause of law and order was vindicated by the introduction for the first time of a real nineteenth century policeman. The scorn and indignation aroused by the arrival of this blue-coated guardian of the peace has now subsided, but the islanders have never forgiven the insult, and show it by keeping out of his clutches.

The poor man, who is burning to distinguish himself as an able and zealous officer, acutely feels his position. He may be seen at intervals during the day, darting vigorously about the island in quest of evil-doers, but he invariably returns empty-handed. Whenever Southend wants a hand —which is frequently the case in the tripping season—he goes to Southend, to the great joy of Canvey, which, disliking all "Guv'ment" except that of the Vicar, turns out to give him a hearty cheer as he departs.

The "Lobster Smack" is the chief of Canvey's two inns. It lies under the wall by Hole Haven, a little creek where barges and bawley boats can ride. The "Lobster Smack" is the house of call for "brum," *i.e.*, unlicensed pilots, who are patronised by captains objecting to the higher dues charged by the regular Trinity House men at Gravesend.

In the evening Dutch is the principal language, the guests being mostly captains of the Dutch fishing boats, with eels from the Texel.

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# ANIMALS WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

By Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.

*Illustrated from Photographs, by the Author.*

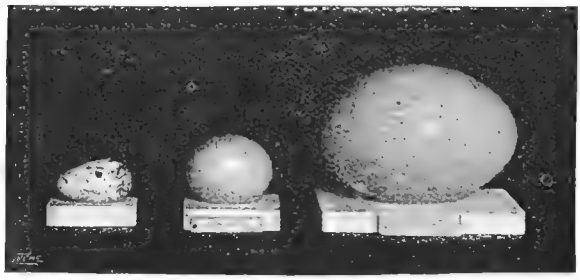
To get at the true market value of most of the so-called "lower" orders of creation, one must consider the points of excellence or superiority of a given specimen over others of a similar race; the fact whether they have already or are about to become extinct; the difficulties and dangers connected with their breeding, capture, and transport, and lastly whether they are well-known or new to science.

Taking these points as a basis on which to work, we shall find that not only are some animals, living or dead, worth enormous sums to-day, but that it may be said with truth, of a few of them at least, that they would be worth their weight in gold to any person fortunate enough to possess them.

A living specimen of the Dodo, for instance, that weird, flightless bird, about the size of a swan, which at one time made the islands of Madagascar, Réunion and Rodriguez its home, and of which nothing but a few skulls, still bearing the strong hooked beak, and some bones, in our Museums now remain, would fetch any price in reason. So would the Great Auk, which only fifty years ago was so common in the North Atlantic that it is said they were killed on Funk Island, off the Newfoundland coast, in tens of thousands at a time, for the sake of their feathers, but whose eggs sell to-day for close on £300 apiece, and stuffed skins at £250 each, with a steady demand for more.

If an Auk and Dodo Syndicate were formed, with the certainty of becoming the happy possessors of a few of these rare birds in the flesh, it would prove a far more profitable venture than many an African gold-mine that one could name. The Great Auk was about the size of a goose, measuring 30ins. to 32ins. over all, and is said to have dived when attempts were made to capture it in the sea, instead of flapping along the surface of the water, in this respect very closely resembling its living relative, the penguin.

Both the Dodo and the Great Auk have become extinct within comparatively recent years, like the Moas of New Zealand, enormous ostrich-like running birds, which are known to have existed up to the end of last century. Some of them exceeded 12ft in height, and over twenty different species are known to scientists. Rumours occasionally arrive from that far-off land, of living Moas; but year after year passes, and the priceless bird is not discovered in the flesh, only its bones, feathers and egg-shells reaching us, all being quickly bought up for private or public collections.



**Eggs of**

**A Great Auk, an Ostrich, an Æpyornis.**

A Great Auk's egg sold recently for £296, whilst one of an Æpyornis is worth £100.

The living Apteryx or Kiwi is very near the Moa in type, although but a pigmy beside the huge giant, for the largest does not exceed 3ft. in ..eight, and it differs from the Moa in having an exceedingly long beak, with which it probes the soft earth at night-time in search of worms. Some of the Kiwis are valuable birds, too, for the rarest living specimens are said to be worth £150 apiece in this quarter of the globe, for they are extremely difficult

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**Skeleton of a Moa, the extinct wingless bird of New Zealand.**

to bring home alive from such a great distance as New Zealand.

From this list of priceless birds we must not omit the other one for which Madagascar was so celebrated, the Æpyornis, a monster bigger even than the Moa, the eggs of which, still constantly discovered by the natives, are worth at least £100 apiece. They measure 3ft. in circumference, with a liquid-carrying capacity of no less than two gallons.

Some few of the rarer living birds of to-day are worth large sums, the King Penguin, of which we possess a solitary specimen in our collection in Regent's Park, being worth a hundred pounds or more. So, too, the White-headed Buzzard, of South America, from the Clifton collection, which, it is said, was purchased originally from a sailor for half a crown. But after the discovery, through this very photograph, that it was the first specimen ever seen alive in Europe, it would have sold for a large sum, whilst even its skin after death realised nearly twenty pounds. We might mention also a pair of sober-tinted little Ducks, which the Curator of the Zoo at Rotterdam assured the writer he would not willingly exchange for our best thousand guinea Rhinoceros, as they were the last of their race. All these instances and others help to prove the saying, that some birds, living or dead, are almost priceless to-day.

Among the Beasts, what would not the huge Mammoth be worth, that strange elephant-like creature whose body was covered with long reddish hairs to protect it from the bitter cold of Siberia, where its remains are still often found, with the hair yet on the body, fast fozen into its icy grave; whose enormus tusks, far exceeding in size those of any Elephant, are still collected for the sake of their ivory, a ship-load having been actually sent to London for sale not very long ago. Its remains are frequently found in the brick-earth of the Thames Valley, and even under modern London itself, and are sometimes brought up in dredges from the sea off the Norfolk

**A Kiwi, the wingless bird of New Zealand, still in existence, but becoming daily more rare.**



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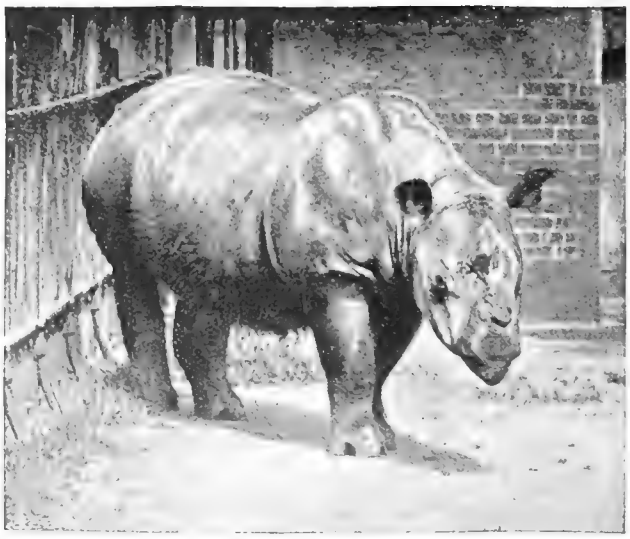
coast. Mammoths must have been exceedingly numerous at one time, for from the quantity of tusks collected in Siberia alone, it is estimated that quite 20,000 carcases were discovered there in twenty years.

In a newspaper cutting now lying before the writer, it is stated that there is still thought to be a chance of discovering the living Mammoth in those bitterly cold regions on either side of the Behring Sea, which separates Alaska from Siberia. Fortunate indeed will be the person who first finds it and brings a specimen into any civilised part of the world, for its value would be something enormous. In connection with this subject, we must remember that the tendency nowadays is to increase the number of



**Hairy-eared Rhinoceros.**

As much as £1250 was paid for this animal by the Zoological Society.

**White-headed Buzzard.**

This bird was originally sold by a sailor for half-a-crown. When found to be the first specimen in Europe it became of great value. Its skin after its death sold for £20.

Zoological collections of the world, rather than to let them fall off, for it is now at last realised that many of the animals are rapidly becoming exterminated, and that unless attempts are made to keep and breed them in captivity, future generations will only know what they were like from seeing paintings, photographs, and stuffed specimens.

This being the case, great competition invariably takes place among the many Zoological Societies to secure, at all costs, any rare beast or bird which may be captured, thus tending to keep up and even increase the prices which, but for this keen competition, might fall off.

Look at the little hairy-eared Rhinoceros from Chittagong in Upper Burmah, for which it is said that our own Society paid no less than £1250, the highest price ever paid by them for any animal, simply because in 1872 it was the first specimen ever discovered and brought alive to Europe. It is quite small, and ugly looking even for a Rhinoceros; but now that the species is becoming more common the price has fallen off, and it is doubtful if a hairy-eared rhinoceros would fetch a third of the money paid for the first specimen.

The Pigmy Hippopotamus of Liberia too, is known to exist there, but for some unexplained reason, not a single specimen has ever reached Europe alive, and, tiny as it is, being only about thirty inches high when full grown, it would be worth a very large sum, to any person landing a living specimen in Great

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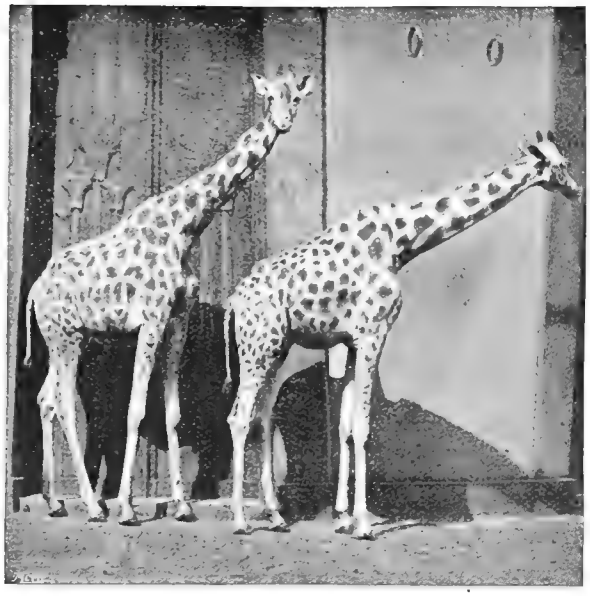


**Two Giraffes.**

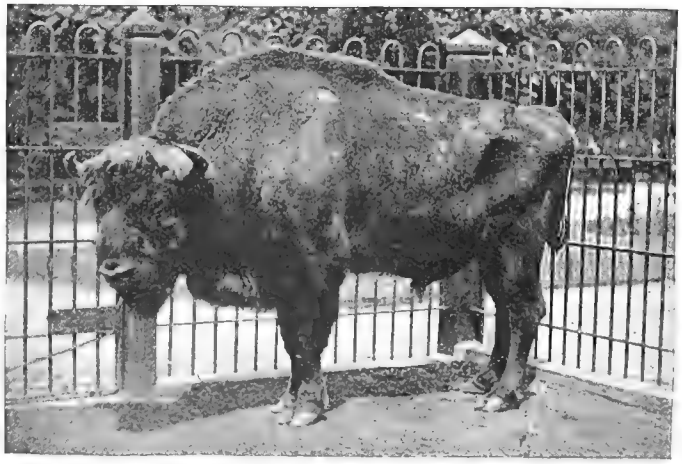
Owing to their increasing rarity and the difficulties of transport and dangers of climate, Giraffes are worth £1000 each to-day.

Britain. Of the huge White Rhinoceros too, with its double horns, the front one often exceeding four feet in height, not a single living specimen has ever been known out of Africa. Rumour, however, says that a thousand pounds each was paid to the lucky sportsman who brought three skins and skeletons of the white rhinoceros to Europe. If one should suddenly appear, not only Zoological Societies in all parts of the world, but dealers and show-men as well, would tumble over each other in their hurry to possess it at any price.

The third of the African rarities is of course, the Quagga, an animal resembling the Zebra, but of a much heavier build, and with its stripes showing only on the head, neck and withers, the remainder of the body being a light reddish tint, unstriped, excepting for a dark line down the spine, and with the underparts of the body and legs, a creamy white. As recently as 1839 these animals existed in vast herds even so far South as Cape Colony, but owing to their rather heavy build and somewhat slow pace, they fell a prey first to the lions, then to the natives and finally to the white men, who coveted their flesh and hides. Not a single specimen has been seen for nearly twenty years, although there still remains the slight chance of coming across a few survivors in the German and Portuguese territory of South West Africa.

Their skins and skeletons alone would be worth a very large sum, and a living specimen would create almost as much competition as that set up by the appearance of a White Rhinoceros. The Quaggas that one so often hears and reads about at the present time, are in reality the Burchells Zebras, which are still fairly common, as they breed well in captivity, and North of the Zambesi are found in large herds.

Two more of the African Mammalia are becoming extremely rare, the Elephant and the Hippopotamus, at least so far as known specimens in European countries are concerned. Probably the only African Elephant in Europe is now in our collection at Regent's Park, and would sell at auction for more than a thousand pounds, whilst to prove the scarcity of the Hippos, our Society, it is said, paid no less than £500 for an infant male born in the Zoological Gardens at Antwerp about three years ago. It was only the size of a large pig, so that the Society is pretty safe to value



**A European Bison.**

They are now nearly extinct, only being found in Lithuania, in Poland, and in the Southern portions of Russia. Once they roamed over Britain.

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a full grown one on a par with the African Elephant. Even twenty years ago we received £2000 for our monster "Jumbo," who was killed in 1886 by an express train in Canada, as he attempted to rescue a dwarf elephant who had strayed on to the line, and was in danger of being annihilated.

We must not leave the African continent without a reference to that rare animal the Giraffe, for although it is possible that, with the opening up of the country round Khartoum, it may become more common out of Africa, there is always the risk of transport to be considered. We have only to remember the death of the large male which was sent as a present from South Africa to the Queen two years ago, which, after a very long and trying journey from the interior, died as he was being released from his travelling box in the Zoo, whilst the young male which arrived last year from West Africa, lived only a few weeks, finally dying from indigestion. The true market value of the former was at least £1500, whilst it is said that £900 was paid by the Society for the latter, so that when we price Giraffes at £1000 each all round, we are not very wide of the mark. There is a demand for quite a dozen at this price, amongst the dealers, show-men, and zoological societies of the world. With the American and European slaughter parties pouring in from every side of Africa, it can only be a question of years before all the larger game there will have become exterminated, and nothing can prove this better than the way in which the market value of the animals of the Dark Continent is advancing by leaps and bounds, so that, ere long, the smaller societies will be quite unable to afford to purchase any more specimens for their collections.

**The King of the Animal World.**

In mere money a fine Lion is worth to-day something like £600.

Turning once more to our own continent, we find that rare animal, the European Bison heading the list of valuable creatures nearly extinct, for it exists only in Lithuania in Poland, where it enjoys the protection of the Russian Government, and in the Caucasus, in parts of Moldavia and in Wallachia. At one time it must have roamed in vast numbers, through the wooded parts of all Europe, including of course Great Britain, but each year now sees the numbers falling off, and soon, like its fast disappearing relative across the Atlantic (the American Bison), it will be classed among the "have beens," for both species are doomed.

To many persons it may appear absurd to talk of the extermination of the larger "Cats," yet this is an undoubted fact, and it is not too much to say, that there are infants living to-day who will live to see the last of several of these handsome species, as it is impossible for most of them to exist where civilisation encroaches upon their hunting grounds.

Take the so-called Asiatic Lion for instance,

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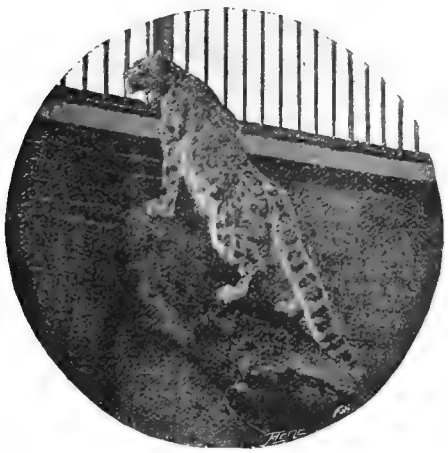
the ridiculously named "Maneless Lion," of the less up-to-date Natural Histories. It is a positive fact that the Lions in Asia are now so nearly exterminated that the Rajahs in India, at least, are preserving them as carefully as pheasants and other game are preserved by



**Ounce, or Snow Leopard**

A creature of which as yet but little is known. Our Zoological Society paid £300 for the first specimen which reached Europe. It comes from the mountains of Central Asia.

us. The Shah of Persia also, it is said, is keeping a large number of them in enclosures as curiosities, although twenty years ago they were quite common in Persia, India and other parts of Asia. It is strange that, unlike the Tiger, they have never been known in the Malayan region or east of the Bay of Bengal.

Lions from all parts of Africa are fast disappearing too, as their market value shows, for "Toby," from Somaliland the last one to provoke any keen competition on account of his many grand points, was sold for the collection at Antwerp, when in quite a raw and half-grown state, and even then £300 was paid for him. Doubtless if sold to-day, he would fetch nearly double this sum, as he is quite the "record" lion of the century.

The Ounce, too, that mysterious grey-coloured leopard, about which little or nothing is known at present, and for which, it is said, our Society paid £300, is a creature the value of which depends not so much on its approaching extermination, as on the difficulty of its transport from a bitterly cold region of from six to twenty thousand feet above the sea level, in the mountains of Central Asia, through the hot tropics, to the changing climate of Europe. It is not surprising that, however much care may be taken, none of them survive the change for very long, and are apt to die before the importer can get rid of them, thus saddling him with the heavy cost of their transport. The Ounce in the Zoo was the first which ever reached Europe alive. It arrived some four years ago.

Turning to the domesticated animals, it is chiefly amongst the horses, cattle and dogs that we find specimens of enormous value, although big prices are often paid for poultry, cats, rabbits or guinea-pigs, £80, it is said, having been paid for a pair of the latter that had won a great many prizes at the large shows. Even cats will find buyers at sums as large or larger than this, for £100 has before now been offered for long-haired specimens, whilst it is rumoured that £50 was refused for the English short-haired tabby, Champion Xenophon, who has won prize after prize for his fortunate owner, Mr. Sam Woodiwiss.

Dogs and cattle too, often change hands at enormous prices. With the latter it is sometimes the size that affects the sale, provided that other points are equally good. One has but to call to mind those giant St. Bernards "Plinlimmon," "Rector," and "Sir Bedivere," each of them measuring nearly a yard in height at the shoulder, and selling at from £1000 to £1250 each, whilst collies have fetched an even higher figure.

The Japanese spaniels or sleeve dogs are, at present, the most fashionable amongst the

**A Japanese Spaniel.**

£300 is said to have been offered and refused for this little dog. It is supposed to be the smallest and best out of Japan.

"toy" breeds to-day, and £300 has been, it is said, offered and refused for the specimen whose portrait we give, as she is one of the smallest and best out of Japan, where they are bred chiefly by the aristocracy, and are consequently difficult to obtain.

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# The BLOOD of ABEL

*The Tale of the King's Executioner.*

By Tom Vidd.

Charles Stuart, once styled King, died today on the scaffold before Whitehall, and I slew him: I, Nathaniel Blewitt, a gentleman of Devon, serving of late in the armies of Fairfax and Cromwell.

At one blow of the keen axe the false head rolled from his shoulders, and the innocent blood was avenged.

I have prayed for the day. It came at last, and, by the grace of God, mine was the hand to lay him low.

I begged the office from the great Cromwell. "Thou art a good soldier of the Lord, Blewitt," he said, "what is thy will?"

"They say the King is to die," I answered, "I ask that I may wield the axe."

He paled a little, then frowned, but answered quietly.

"'Tis a low office, Blewitt, and methinks thou wast once a gentleman. Why dost thou hate him so?"

Then I told him my story, the tale that I have here set down.

My father was a gentleman of good estate, who died in the first year of our Civil Wars.

He lived at home in Devonshire in ease and contentment, prizing greatly his hounds and hawks, and caring little for the big world beyond our village.

He had two sons, of whom I was the elder, born in the year seventeen. My brother Henry, two years younger, left us at the age of twenty to study law at Gray's Inn, in the City of London.

He was a quiet lad, thoughtful and studious, while I loved sports more than books; yet were we close friends, and inseparable as boys.

Our mother died at my brother's birth, and we had all our father's affection. I think 'twas my brother he loved most; and he was sore troubled at losing him. Yet 'twas Hal's own desire to go, and my father would not baulk him.

We were no great politicians at home. From Hal's letters we knew that King and Parliament were at loggerheads, but it came as a surprise to us when we learned that the King had set up his standard at Nottingham, and open war was declared.

"Thou must go, Nath," said my father, "the Blewitts were always King's men, and we'll get thee a troop of horse from near home. The crop-headed Parliament rabble won't stand before the men of Devon. Thou knowest, lad, I'd be with thee but for this cursed gout."

The dear old man was excited at the news, and pleased himself with the thought of titles and advancement in reward of our loyalty.

He began eagerly to run over the names of those who should join our troop.

"Oxenham's two boys, Bill Moon, John Cottey, Henry Pincombe—get paper, Nath, and set 'em down."

So we went very happily to the work of recruiting and drilling. My father was never

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in more cheerful spirit, but, alas! in a week came the news that Hal had joined the forces of the Parliament, and was marching under Earl Essex to fight against his King.

It killed my father, and before I led away my new troop he was laid in the family vault beneath our old village church.

"'Twill ruin the boy, Nath," he said, sadly, a few days before his death. "The King will hang up all the rebels. Thou must get to the King, Nath, and make interest for thy brother. Tell him the lad had an honest father, but was led away by the false Parliament men."

"I'm dying, Nath," he said, later. "Get all the money thou canst on the old place, and take it to His Majesty. 'Twill come back when times grow quiet again, and the King will pardon Hal, if thou wilt do this."

I promised, and in a week after his death I rode to the house of Master Aaron Whyman, a usurer in the city of Exeter. There, after three hundred years, the Holbrook estates passed away from the Blewitt's for ever, while I rode North with sixty horsemen and twenty thousand pounds in gold to join the King.

We were poor soldiers in the early days of the Wars. I knew nought of tactics, and the Parliament men were but little better, else had we never found the King.

My men were young, strong, and active—big men, and well mounted. I had known them as children, and could trust them all.

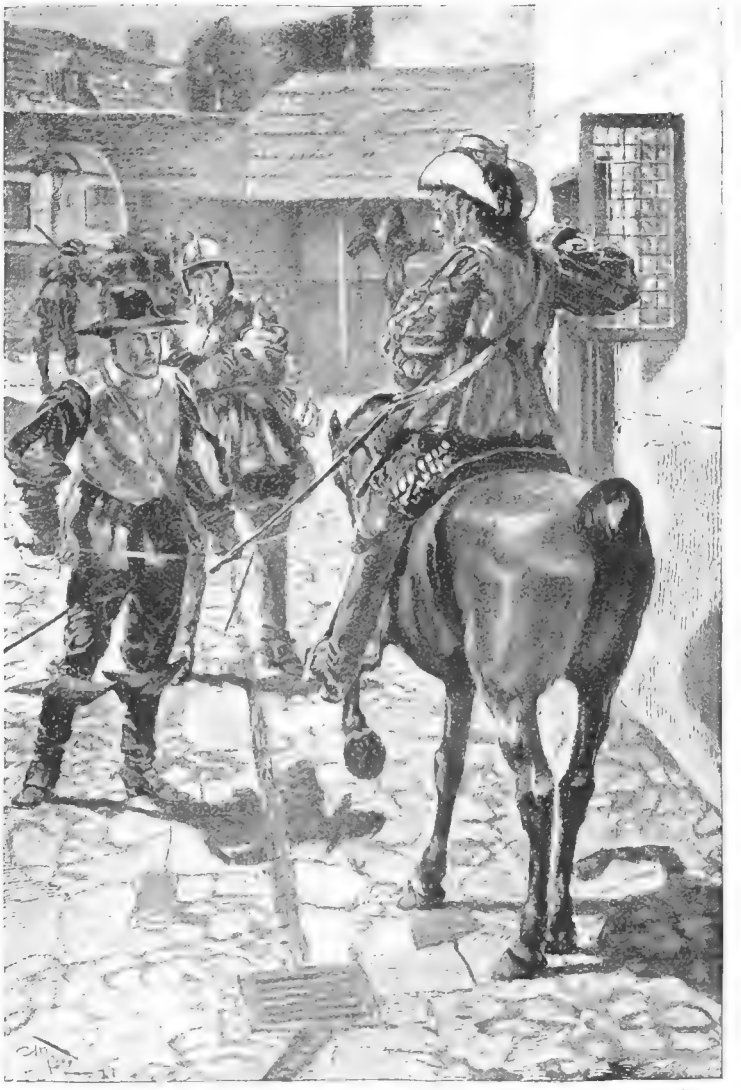
Brave they were, riding straight, and striking stout blows, but little practised with their weapons.

I was lonely and grieved at my father's death, worried and anxious about Hal, yet my spirits rose somewhat, as we clattered through the gates of the old Court, and rode down the hill through the straggling street.

I thought of my father's words: "When times grow quiet again;" and I vowed I would so serve the King that he should give me Hal's pardon with other rewards.

We rode North by the swirling river Exe, passed through Tiverton, where the schoolboys came out to gaze at us, and struck East across the Blackdown into Somerset.

That first night from home we camped



"Your name and business?" said the short man sternly.

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in the vale of Taunton, after riding thirty miles.

The horses grazed in the fields of the loyal squire of Ayshford, who came to us, and condoled with me, pressing me to join him at the Hall, but I told him I must bide with my men, who lay in the barns.

They were in good heart that night, cheerful and jovial, as indeed they were through all our campaigns, though many never saw the Devon hills again.

My own men, who had lived at the Court and grown up with me, came round me and talked of the journey before us.

"How long shall us be afore us faight, Maister Nath?" asked Moon. While Elijah Oxenham said, "He seemed the King would be maighty glad to see we chaps."

We were astir betimes in the morning, and, as we rode through Taunton, there was more of bustle and excitement than we had yet seen.

The townsfolk were in the streets, and by the castle was a crowd, who stared at us as we passed, while some few cheered.

Deeming it better to avoid questions, we rode quickly through, and pressed on to Bridgewater.

And so by easy stages we rode on past Bristol, until on the fifth day we were beyond the city of Gloucester.

I was growing uneasy in mind, for as yet I had heard naught of the Parliament forces. As we approached a small town some ten miles from Gloucester, the name of which I know not, I called a halt and rode forward alone. 'Twas approaching mid October, there was a high wind, and the brown dead leaves were whirling from the trees. I entered the town at a foot pace, and rode on cautiously. The streets were deserted, and it seemed strangely quiet; while many of the houses were barricaded. Presently I approached an inn with a low archway at the entrance, and bending forwards, I rode beneath it into the small yard beyond.

I called for ale, and, as the host came to me, I asked, "What news?"

He eyed me with some mistrust, but, seeming to gather confidence from my appearance, began to tell me of an engagement at Worcester three days before. "The King's horse had routed the Parliament men, but 'tis said a big battle must follow!" As we talked, two men came from the inn into the yard, and drew near to us, as if to catch our discourse.

I had never before seen their like, for they were of very martial appearance. One was a tall man, nearly as tall as I am myself, while the other was but a little man, yet stern and fierce of countenance.

Catching my glance, the tall man came forward. "For King or Parliament?" he asked, suddenly.

"That is as maybe," I answered, cautiously. "I am from the West country, and do not justly know the rights of these disputes."

"Thou'rt a likely man for a regiment of horse," he said. "The King hath betrayed his country, and all honest men are 'gainst him. Come thou with us, and we'll find thee service and advancement."

I returned some evasive answer about not caring to fight, and had raised my foot to the stirrup to mount, when the man laid his hand upon my arm.

I was of high spirit in those days, and could ill brook restraint. Impatiently I shook him off, and sprang into the saddle. As I did so, the short man, who was standing back, blew suddenly a shrill whistle, and from the street behind him came running a dozen ill-favoured troopers, fully armed, who drew up across the arch to bar my passage.

Now I began to repent me of my rashness in entering the town alone, seeing myself a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, and my men astray without their leader.

"Your name and business?" said the short man, sternly, and as he came forward he loosened the long sword that hung trailing from his side.

At the same time I drew my own weapon, and reined back my mare until her quarters chafed the wall.

"Thy name," he exclaimed again, impatiently.

"By what right dost thou ask me?" I returned, to gain time.

"Thou art in our power," he said, shortly. "Answer me, or my men shall fire."

By luck I bethought me of brother Hal.

"I am the brother of an officer of Lord Essex, and my name is Blewitt. I am in haste to join him," I added, as I scanned their stern faces.

Both leaders looked surprised, and the tall man began eagerly to mutter to his companion, while methought I caught the words "true man," "high favour."

The small fierce man turned again to me, and asked:

"Why didst thou conceal thy errand?"

I shrugged my shoulders, as I answered with apparent candour:

"These are troublous times. I knew ye not as true men, and feared you would trap me."

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"Canst prove thy tale?" broke in his companion. I drew a horse pistol from my holster, uncocked it, and tossed it him.

On the silver handle was writ my name, Nathaniel Blewitt, Holbrook Court, Devon. He read it. "'Tis truth, Ramsay," he said, "that is Blewitt's home."

The other still looked unsatisfied.

"Essex is twelve miles hence," he said, "we can spare thee three troopers as guide, and hark ye, young man, as guard should'st thou prove false."

He turned to enter the house, and I saw him no more.

The tall man came to me, and returned the pistol. "I am John Hayward of London," he said, "I know thy brother, thou hast a look of him. These are troublous times, as thou sayest; but I would ill like to see Hal Blewitt's brother in trouble."

My heart warmed to him, as he spoke my brother's name with a certain tenderness, and I reached him my hand. We have soft hearts in Devon, they say, and I was tempted to tell him truth.

The thought of my followers restrained me, and I asked instead what they did so far from the army.

"We are seeking information of the King," he answered. "'Tis a reconnoitring party, and we have six hundred horse in the neighbourhood. The fiery little Scot is our leader and a good one, Blewitt. We hear the King advances rapidly south. Essex will block the road to London, and we shall fight ere many days."

"Am I free to go?" I asked. "And must I have the guard your leader spoke of?"

He laughed and said.

"Colonel Ramsay is my superior, but he is a Scot and suspicious. I'll see thee started."

He called to the men and spoke to them apart. Horses were saddled, and in half an hour I was on the road again with three of the King's enemies in place of my own honest retainers.

These new followers were a sour trio. Clad in leather jerkins, they sat upon their horses like men unused to the saddle, and they had all a grave solemnity of visage, which I found diverting. I spoke little to them, for my mind was busy with plans to evade them. I bethought me that I must act quickly, lest my men entered the town to find me. We rode out of the town at the wrong end, and every pace took me further from them. As we came up the slope, I turned in my saddle, and looking backwards saw some three miles away the little hill, beyond which my men were posted. There was a solitary tree on the brow of this hill, and I had noted it as a landmark.

**That night I saw Charles Stuart. He received me graciously, and accepted my gold gratefully, whilst I, who was to slay him, kneeled humbly.**

Ten minutes' gallop, I thought, but I must avoid the town, for, feeling persuasion was useless, I determined to ride for't.

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We had ridden a mile. "We must push on," I said, and began to trot, breaking presently into a sharp canter. Two of the troopers dropped behind, but the third kept pace with me, and, I thought, watched me narrowly. He was the oldest of the men, a stout and dogged fellow. He was riding on the off-side at my right hand, and pressed close to me as he rode.

Herein was his undoing, for, whistling softly to divert his suspicions, I made pretence of adjusting my right spur, and suddenly seizing his left leg I unseated him, so that in a moment he was sprawling on the road.

At the instant I broke headlong into a gallop, while pistol shots rang out from the men behind.

I was never under fire before, and, I confess, disliked it.

My hat was carried away by a ball, and bareheaded I galloped on, swerving to the right to jump the loose stone wall that bordered the road.

The mare cleared it gallantly, and at the shouting of the troopers and the sound of more shots she broke into a pace which she had never equalled with the hounds at home.

A stiff fence lay before us, but our blood was up, and we charged it recklessly, landing safely in a narrow stony lane, adown which we fled with an amazing clatter. Swerving sharply and dangerously at the lane end, I found to my consternation that we were again in the main street of the town near to the inn at which my troubles commenced.

An officer was in the street, struggling to mount a restive horse. As he rose to the saddle we dashed by, upsetting horse and man. Of the rest of that mad gallop I remember little. More than once I was under fire ere I cleared the town, and when more horsemen appeared, I drew my sword with the determination of dying hard.

A cry of "Maister Nath" restrained me, and to my joy I saw Moon and Pincombe on the way to seek their leader. "Back!" I shouted. "Mount all of you!"

The lust of battle was on me, and I was sore tempted to lead my men into the town; but remembering the words of Hayward, "six hundred strong," and reflecting that I should reach the King with my troops intact, I forbore.

We rode north at a sharp pace, and in an hour fell in with the King's outposts near Banbury.

That night I saw Charles Stuart for the first time. 'Tis well the future is hid from us. He received me graciously, and accepted my gold gratefully, while I, who was to slay him scarce seven years after, kneeled humbly.

"Nathaniel Blewitt," he said pleasantly, "your courage and devotion shall not be forgotten in the years to come. In the meantime, I would give you the honour of knighthood."

"May it please your Majesty to reserve all rewards," I answered. "In the years to come I hope to beg another boon—the life and pardon of a dear brother. "To the great grief of his family he has been led away by traitors, and is in arms against his King. The news has killed our father, and I, his only brother, come to you to atone for his sin by my best service."

In my mind I had rehearsed this speech a hundred times during our long ride, yet I spoke it haltingly, with a great shame.

He heard me patiently, and, methought, approvingly.

"We will hope to change your brother's mind," he said. "He bears an honoured name, and should not be in such poor company. Yet he is not alone," he sighed, and continued:

"You brought men with you?"

"Sixty, sire," I answered.

"Saw you aught of the enemy?"

I began to tell him of my capture and escape, but he interrupted me, calling to his officers, who listently to me intently.

"This tall officer," said one, a young and handsome man, bravely dressed, "he told you Essex would bar our passage to London?"

"Yes," I answered.

"And they had six hundred horse twelve miles hence?"

"About twelve miles."

"I must have you with me, Master Blewitt," he said, "I want men who can sit firm and ride straight. I am Prince Rupert."

I bowed, glowing with pleasure, and asked that my men might also come under his command.

The King smiled. "Take them, Rupert," he said, and to me, "He'll find thee hard knocks, Master Blewitt. I thank thee again, thou hast already done us good service. Come, gentlemen, we will discuss this news," and with courteous inclination he left me.

A young officer came to me, offering to show me my quarters, and we left the King's tent together. He prattled gaily of the war, but I scarce heard him. I was thinking deeply of my recent chances and of my discourse with the King. I thought how pleased

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my father would have been to hear of it, and grieved that I could never tell it him. Then I thought of Hal in the opposite camp, and wondered how it fared with him.

"You are anxious about your brother," said the young man at my side. "I heard your talk with the King. 'Tis all right, man, we all have friends and kinsmen on t'other side."

This comforted me, and he left me hopeful, and greatly pleased at my reception, so that I slept easier than I had done for many nights.

In the camp all was bustle, for my news had so altered the King's plans that we moved next day to Edge Hill.

Of the battle fought there I need not speak. My little troop took part in Rupert's fierce charge, and quitted them like men.

We had several sore wounded, and poor Pincombe died there.

I could scarce refrain from tears when we found him, while Moon and Oxenham wept freely.

There was an officer of Rupert's staff, a cruel and sneering man from Wales, who laughed at my poor men's grief, and bade them cease blubbering. In my indignation and on the spur of the moment, I buffeted him, striking him to the ground.

We met with swords next day. He was a master of the fence, and at the first pass gave me a hurt in the shoulder; but not regarding it, I beat down his guard by sheer weight of arm, and so wounded him that he never fought again.

This success gained me respect in the army, and not a little liking, for mine enemy was a bullying fellow, and many hated him.

We exchanged prisoners after the fight, and I sent letters to Hal, telling him of our father's death, and my movements since. I begged him to desist from fighting, but 'twas many months ere I had his answer.

He wrote with much affection telling me of his grief at our loss.

"I cannot," he wrote, "quit my companions, my honour is engaged, and my brother, I know, would not have a Blewitt break his oath."

'Twas all the communication we had, but often I heard, with a melancholy satisfaction, that my brother fought well, and was greatly esteemed by his leaders.

Men said there was a Blewitt on both sides, and both were brave men.

So the war went wearily on, without decisive battles, and it came to pass that in the late summer of the year sixteen hundred and forty-four I was again in the West country with the King's army. We drove Earl Essex from before Taunton, and followed hard upon him, over the road by which I left home.

He was retreating towards the West, and as we drew near to my old home, the terrible day of my great sorrow approached.

The King's army was encamped on Maiden Down, a wild waste of common land on the borders of Devonshire, and I was sent forward with thirty horsemen to gain information of the enemy's movements.

**Cromwell rose up, and resting his hand on the great Bible that lay on the table, he spoke.**

It was a fine evening in September, and, confident in my knowledge of the county, I led my men several miles from our army.

We passed through the villages of Sampford and Halberton, and the sun was setting

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as we came to the head of the slope in view of the town of Tiverton.

I halted them under the cover of a small wood, and at the distance of a mile we saw the enemy's troops in full retreat through the town.

For half-an-hour we sat quietly in our saddles watching the town until the last movement of the troops had ceased.

I was about to give the order to return, when from the valley below came the thud of hoofs, and as we watched, we descried horsemen fording the little river that joins the Exe at Tiverton.

They came up from the water as the first faint haze of evening mist was rising, and we counted them as they crossed—twenty-five men. They rode quickly and directly towards us, fearing no hurt. I scarce knew how to act, but the devil prompted me to await them. I see the scene nightly in my dreams, and shall see it till I die.

In a few minutes they were at hand. I signalled to the men, and as they passed the corner of the wood, we thundered down upon them. 'Twas a complete surprise, and they never rallied from the shock of our encounter. Riding straight at their leader, I cut him down with one long sweeping stroke. As men do that have a mortal hurt, he flung his arms up as he dropped from the saddle; and in the fast fading light I saw my brother's face.

How can I describe the agony of that moment, when earth and sky seemed to reel with me. I have been in hell ever since. My father's dying wishes, and the efforts I had made to obey them came rushing on my mind. And this was the end, that I had killed the brother I had sworn to save.

I took no more part in that fight. Of Hal's followers a dozen lay dead, and the rest had scattered. My own men, returning from the charge, found me on the ground, dazed and stunned, with my dying brother's head upon my knee. I ordered them to return to camp at once—my last order as a King's officer. They obeyed wondering, but Oxenham of my old troop stayed.

He lived an hour, and blessed me ere he died. He spoke to me in gasps, while I vainly strove to staunch the blood that welled from the great gash that had reached his lung.

"Thou hast been on the wrong side, Nath," he said. "'Tis a bad King, and his cause can never prosper for long. Don't fret so, Nath, 'tis not thy fault, 'tis the wicked King's, who has set brother 'gainst brother. He's too strong for us now, and by stopping me, thou hast stopped our reinforcements. I had urgent despatches for London, but my mission has failed. Nay, do not weep, brother."

"I'll take them for thee, Hal, and never serve the King again," I cried out, in an agony of remorse.

His face, o'er which the shades of death were fast stealing, lit up. He half rose.

"God bless thee, Nath," he gasped, and at the effort the red blood burst from his lips, and 'twas over.

We buried him, Oxenham and I, on the spot where he fell, but a few miles from the home where, as boys, we had played together.

I rode to London with my brother's despatches, and thereafter I fought against the King with a fierce hatred.

"Mad Blewitt" they called me, and some men said I had a devil.

Mayhap I was mad. I had but one wish. Vengeance on the man whose deeds had brought to me the brand of Cain. I exulted in his overthrow, and in the fulness of time I am at last revenged.

I told my tale to Cromwell, and he listened quietly to the end. Then he rose up and, resting his hand upon the great Bible that lay upon the table, he spoke, while his eyes burned, and his face was as that of a prophet.

"The measure is filled up. The righteous blood shed upon the earth shall surely be required of this generation from the blood of Abel to the blood of Zacharias."

And to me he said:

"Nathaniel Blewitt, thy wish will be granted."

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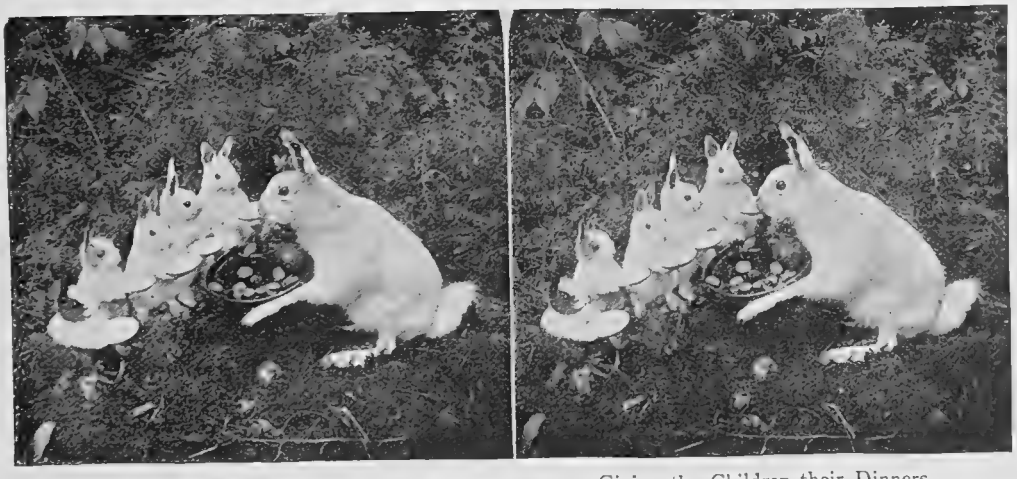
# OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY.

Under the Apple Blossoms.



Giving the Children their Dinners.

A Street Entertainment in Mexico.

*To be cut out and looked at through a stereoscope, which can be supplied from the office of the* ROYAL MAGAZINE *at* 2S., *post free.*

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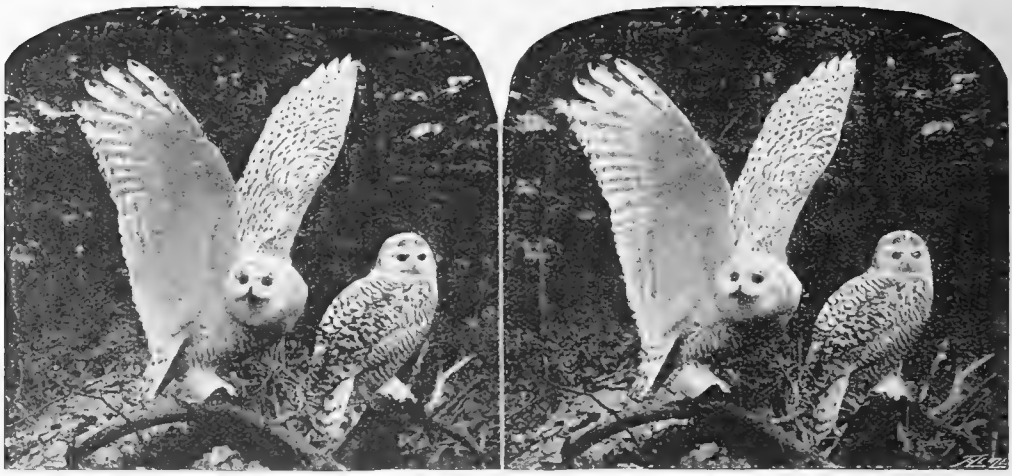
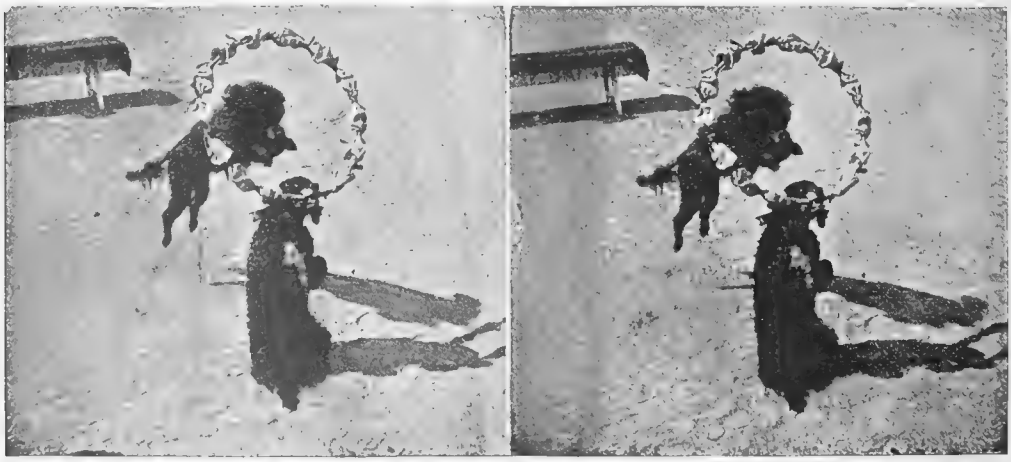


Alarmed.

A Rest by the Way.



In Mid Air.

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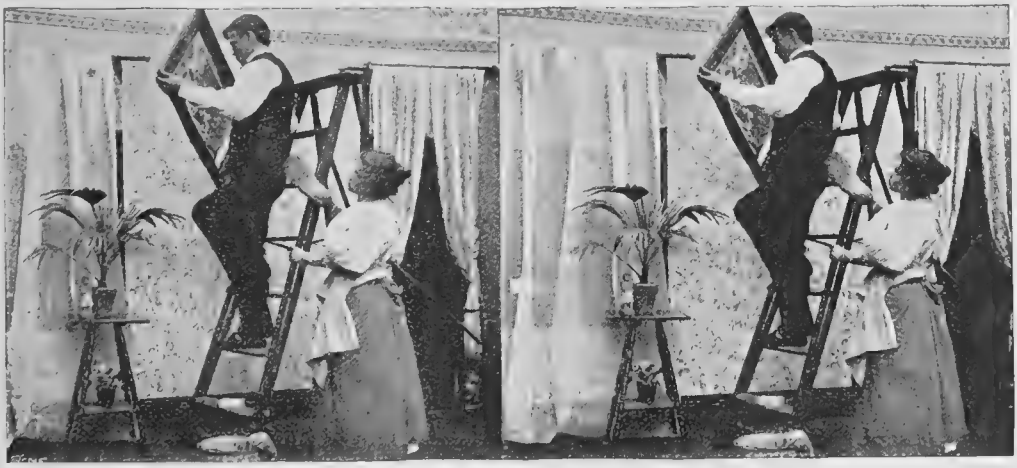
The Place of Solitude.



Maria! see me hang this picture

Maria sees!

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A Pot of Azalea.

A Crack Shot.

Beauty and the Beast.

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5 GOLD MEDALS

FOR MAKING DELICIOUS BREAD, CAKES, PUDDINGS & PASTRY

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## C. BRANDAUER & CO.'S
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SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for 7 stamps from the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

THE "OKTIS" REGD CORSET SHIELDS DOUBLE THE LIFE OF YOUR CORSET.

"PATENT."

FROM YOUR DRAPER or OUTFITTER

Beware of Spurious Imitations.

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(PATENTED)
# Sanitary Towels

(ABSORBENT and ANTISEPTIC).
In Packets of One Dozen.

Size **0** ... **6**d. Size **2** ... **1/6** Size **4** ... **2/-**
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Size **1** can also be had in Packets of Six Towels at **6**d.

**Sample Packets** (marked Size S), at **6**d., containing three Size **0**, one each **1**, **2**, and **4**, post free, eight stamps. **Southalls' Sanitary Sheets**, for Accouchement, in three sizes, **1/-**, **2/-**, and **3/-**.

*Sold by Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters, and Chemists throughout the World.*

**SAMPLES**
FREE ON APPLICATION TO THE
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# MACONOCHIE'S
## Dainty Foods
ARE OBTAINABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD.

NEW SEASON'S (1899)
**GOLDEN HOME-MADE MARMALADE.** *A REALLY DELICIOUS PRESERVE*

For Breakfast or Tea— **PATÉS, CAMP PIES, POTTED MEATS, SALMON & SHRIMP PASTE.**

TRY THEM FOR SANDWICHES. SAMPLE PATÉ, POST FREE, 6d.

A really Superior Sauce: **MACONOCHIE'S CHUTNEY RELISH**: A valuable aid to Digestion.

***MACONOCHIE BROS., 131, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.***



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# Low Tide in the Morning.

At about three o'clock every morning all human beings and animals are nearer to death than at any other hour. At that time cattle stir and moan in their sleep, while men turn uneasily in their beds and awaken partially or wholly, as though a hand had been laid upon them. Three in the morning is an hour that doctors and nurses dread, for by far the majority of deaths occur about that time.

It has been observed that at three in the afternoon a man's mental and physical forces reach their highest, and it is a simple inference, under the law of periodicity, that the corresponding hour in the morning would mark the lowest point of the vital tide.

To the operation of this principle (that of culmination, crisis and decline) there seems no limit in our affairs and experiences. A written statement now before me concerns the illness and final recovery of a man whose case illustrates the mysterious influence we are discussing. Taking the facts in regular sequence, as he presents them, we shall come upon the point of especial interest.

"For many years," he relates, "I suffered from indigestion and liver complaint. Indeed my liver was more or less congested nearly all the time. I *sank far below the level* of a natural life, being heavy, tired and depressed and without energy to meet the ordinary demands made upon me. I had a foul taste in the mouth, and a sallow skin coloured with the bile, with which the disease filled the blood.

"At the right side in the region of the liver was a constant sense of tenderness and a dull, persistent pain or ache. As for an appetite I can hardly claim to have known the meaning of the word. After eating even the simplest, and what is understood to be the most digestible food I was taken with pain around the chest and sides. So bad and severe was this that I became afraid to eat, and postponed or avoided eating so far as possible.

"I attended to my duties and got through my work, but not properly nor with satisfaction to myself. For no man can work under these circumstances as he does when backed by health and vigour. Now feeling a bit better and then down again I continued in this condition for years. Then came a time when the disease appeared to *reach a point which threatened my life*. My state was so serious that I was attended by three medical men, who agreed on the nature and gravity of my ailment and its dangerous symptoms. Yet they were unable to relieve me.

"This was in April, 1887, and, contrary to the expectations of my friends, I lingered on until the following June, feeble and wretched and without hope. My long-standing malady had *fixed its grasp upon me* and I was sinking beneath its pressure.

"At this time I was urged to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. Desperate cases cured by it were mentioned, and reasons why it was likely to do me good, even in the face of the failure of the multitude of medicines I had already taken. I could but yield to these arguments and began using the Syrup as soon as it could be procured.

"The result must be set forth in few words as this letter is getting too long. In a few days I felt somewhat better. This struck me like good news from a far country. Hope lighted up in my mind and I kept on using Mother Seigel's Syrup. Every week saw a further improvement. Food was welcome now because it was palatable, and digested naturally and gave me the strength of which I was in so sad need. A little later I was able to return to work—something which only a few months before looked as improbable as realising a dream of finding money.

"Since that time I have enjoyed good health, and am indebted for it to the use of Mother Seigel's Syrup at a period of my illness when this world (so far as it concerned *me*) appeared hardly worth a shilling. You are at liberty, for the sake of others, to publish my statement."—(Signed) Sidney Strapp, 52, Langley Road, Luton, Bedfordshire, January 27, 1899.

Doubtless there is not one of us who is not often much *nearer death* than he imagines—especially among those who have some inherent weakness or chronic disease. The only safeguard is health, and that is always promoted by the frequent use of Mother Seigel's Syrup.

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# POINTS FOR THE PUBLIC
# ABOUT WINE
## What Vintage is it?

The question of Vintages is of the utmost importance to Wine Drinkers, and goes far beyond the mere matter of taste.

In the case of bad or doubtful Vintages, the Wines are unsound and injurious to health, either owing to the grapes not having ripened thoroughly from want of sunshine, or to their having become mildewed from excessive rain.

**The mere name on a bottle of Wine is little, the Vital question is—**

## In what Year was it Grown?

Write for a complete List of Vintages based on the universally accepted verdict of connoisseurs, and clearly distinguishing the **good** from the bad and indifferent Vintages, to

**HATCH, MANSFIELD & Co., Ltd.,**
**1, Cockspur St., London, S.W.**


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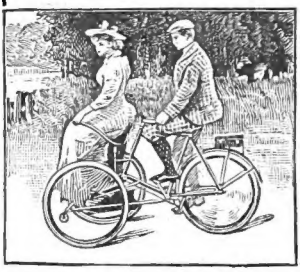
**MARRIOTT & COOPER,**

*Established a Quarter of a Century.* **1, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.**

**THE "OLYMPIA" TANDEM TRICYCLE**



**Safe. Luxurious.**

So easy of management. No previous experience required. A charming means of cycling locomotion.

*Made suitable for 2 Ladies*

**Reliable Safeties.**

**Pneumatic Tyres.**

***Gent's* £9 : 10**

***Ladies'* £10 : 0**

Or by 12 monthly payments of **20/-** each.

*Particulars Free on Application.*

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TO COLOUR GREY HAIR | TRY ALEXANDRE'S SHADEINE

TRIAL BOTTLE, **6d.** Per post, **7d.**

SHADEINE colours grey or faded hair BLONDE, LIGHT or DARK BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN, and GOLDEN. It contains neither lead, silver, mercury, sulphur, nor anything injurious. *Guaranteed not to burn the hair, produce an unnatural tint, but to be permanent, washable, free from grease or stickiness, and* **ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.**

A Medical Certificate with every Bottle.

Large Bottle, **3/6**; post free, 3/9. Trial Bottle, **6d.**; post free, 7d. (Secretly packed.) *Est.*1861.

(PARIS DEPOT: 28, Rue de Chabrol.)

**N.M. ALEXANDRE, 30, WESTBOURNE GROVE, LONDON, W.**

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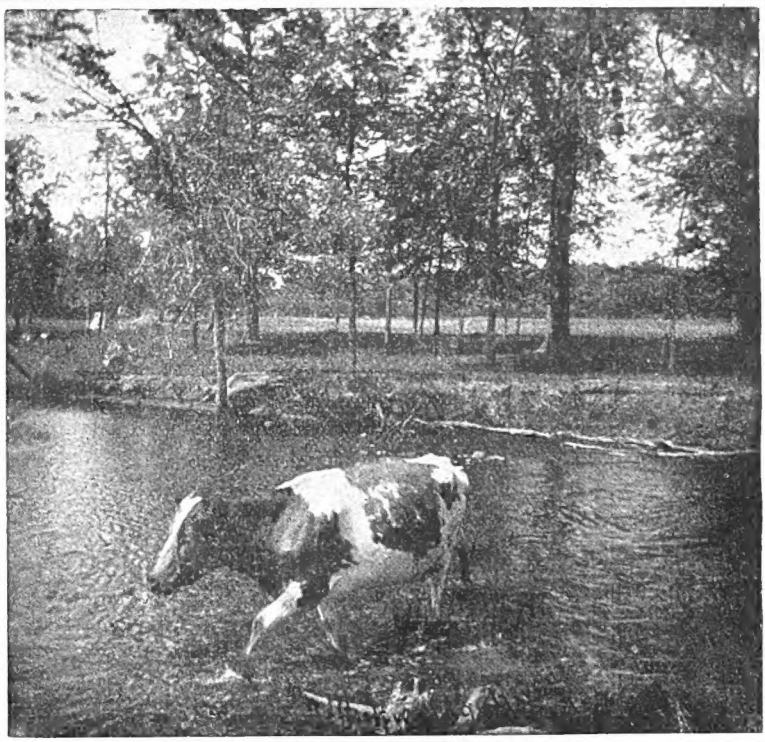

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**£20**

**Hairdressers' Shops Fitted. Estimates free.**

See Illd. Guide and Catalogue (250 pgs.), 3d.

**'HOW TO OPEN A CIGAR STORE from £20 to £2,000.'**

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*N.B.—The largest and original house. (A reputation of over half a century.)*

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**SIX GOLD MEDALS**

**Goddard's Plate Powder**

NON-MERCURIAL.

**Sold in Boxes 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.**


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# LATEST CRICKET.

The sale of **OGDEN'S "GUINEA-GOLD" CIGARETTES** is still on the in**CREASE** notwithstanding the efforts of **COMPETITORS** to **OVER-THROW** them. They have got a **GOOD PITCH** right into the midst of popu-larity, and have proved a **SENSATIONAL CATCH.** There is a great **RUN** on them by all tobacconists, and you should not allow the opportunity of secur-ing a packet to **SLIP** by. The price is well within the **BOUNDARY LINE**—10 for 3 pence—or sixpence the **SCORE.**

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"AFTERNOON COCOA."

In enervating Summer weather something more is required than a drink that is only temporarily refreshing. CADBURY'S COCOA undoubtedly supplies the need—being a delicious, refreshing beverage; thin in fluid, highly nutritious, and most sustaining—repairing waste resulting from oppressive heat. It is a perfect drink and food combined.

☞CADBURY'S is the ideal beverage for all times and seasons. It is absolutely Pure, therefore the Best Cocoa.

FOR MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED YEARS

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## SOAP

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